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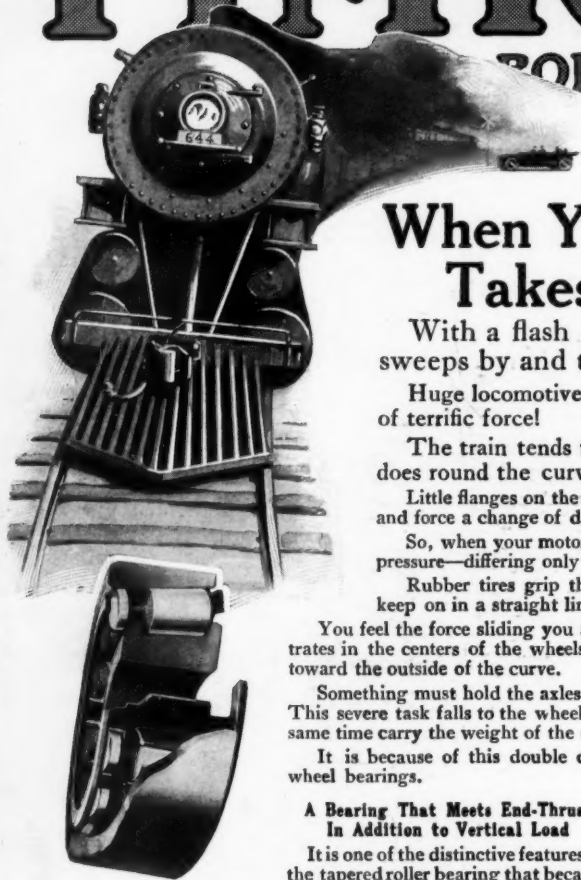
Life



THE DISCOVERY OF GRAPE-JUICE

TIMKEN

ROLLER BEARINGS



When Your Motor Car Takes the Curve

With a flash and a roar the limited train sweeps by and takes the curve.

Huge locomotive, heavy steel cars—the embodiment of terrific force!

The train tends to keep on in a straight line—yet it does round the curve. Why?

Little flanges on the wheels press sidewise against the outer rail and force a change of direction.

So, when your motor car takes a curve the same force, the same pressure—differing only in degree—is at work.

Rubber tires grip the road, but the heavy chassis struggles to keep on in a straight line.

You feel the force sliding you along the seat. This "end-thrust" concentrates in the centers of the wheels. Axles try to push out through the hubs toward the outside of the curve.

Something must hold the axles back and yet allow the wheels to turn freely. This severe task falls to the wheel bearings. And the bearings must at the same time carry the weight of the car and its load.

It is because of this double duty that it is so important to have good wheel bearings.

A Bearing That Meets End-Thrust In Addition to Vertical Load

It is one of the distinctive features of the tapered roller bearing that because its parts are conical instead of cylindrical it sustains immense pressure from the side at the same time that it is supporting the load, from above. A glance at the picture at the left shows why this is so.

All the pressure, both vertical and horizontal, is distributed over lines as long as the rollers instead of being concentrated at mere points. This wide distribution of pressure prevents undue wear.

And It Is Adjustable

The same tapered construction of the Timken Bearing makes it possible—by moving the cone, rollers and cup into a little closer contact—

to entirely offset the effects of the slight wear that will come after many thousands of miles of travel. That is, the Timken is adjustable.

Thus the universal satisfaction with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the wheels of hundred of thousands of high-grade motor cars is due to basic principles of design that are right.

And for the same reason there is the same universal satisfaction with Timken Bearings at the other severe service points—in the transmission, in steering knuckle heads, on the pinion shaft, at each side of the differential, on the worm of a worm drive truck.

Points where end-thrust piles on radial load, and adjustability enables the owner to keep his car tuned up to full efficiency as it grows old in service.

A Timken Tapered Roller Bearing partly cut away to show the relations of the parts. Note the taper of cone, rollers and cup. Note also the two ribs on the cone—the "tracks" that keep the rollers in perfect alignment.

The Timken Bearing meets side pressure or "end thrust" in addition to vertical load because its rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft. The tapered construction also makes the Timken adjustable for continued full efficiency throughout the life of the car.



The Timken Roller Bearing Co.
CANTON, OHIO



Just for You

YOU may think this paragraph is intended for some one else. But it isn't. It is really meant for you who are at this instant reading it.

What we now ask you is, why don't you do something about it? It has troubled you so long one would think you might take the time to sit down calmly and decide once for all what is best to do.

At bottom, you know, the whole difficulty lies with yourself. You have shrunk from facing it. You haven't been honest with yourself. You need to exercise your will. Not too much, of course. Rome wasn't built in a day. Take it easy. It will gradually disappear, and you won't know your old self.

Books Received

Ashton Kirk, *Special Detective*, by John T. McIntyre. (The Penn Publishing Co., Phila., Pa.)

Mere Man, by Edwin Bateman Morris. (The Penn Publishing Co., Phila., Pa.)

The Sound of Water, by Margarita S. Gerry. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00.)

Across the Range, by James Otis. (Harper & Bros. 60 cents.)

Famous Affinities of History, by London Orr. (Harper & Bros. \$2.00.)

A Guide to Good English, by Robert Palfrey Utter, Ph.D. (Harper & Bros. \$1.20.)

The Blind Spot, by Justus Miles Forman. (Harper & Bros. \$1.35.)

How to Cook and Why, by Elizabeth Condit and Jessie A. Long. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00.)

Christopher Quarles, by Percy James Brebner. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Impressions and Comments, by Havellock Ellis. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.50.)

The Reading Public, by Macgregor Jenkins. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. 75 cents.)

The Poet, by Meredith Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.30.)

The Nightingale, by Eleanor Stoothoff. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

A Far Journey, by Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.75.)

The Street of Seven Stars, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

The Little King, by Witter Bynner. (Mitchell Kennerley. 60 cents.)

Bahaism, by Horace Holley. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.00.)

Wintering Hay, by John Trevena. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.35.)

Love, Home and the Inner Life, by Arthur H. Gleason. (F. A. Stokes Co. 60 cents.)

For the Allinson Honor, by Harold Bindloss. (F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.30.)

The Game of Life and Death, by Lincoln Colcord. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.)

Winning the Wilderness, by Margaret Hill McCarter. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. \$1.35.)

The House of Deceit. Anonymous. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35.)

Big Tremaine, by Marie Van Vorst. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.35.)

Pavens of Liberty, by Corinne S. and R. A. Tsanoff. (Outing Publishing Co. \$1.35.)

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume, illustrated, \$2.00 postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

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Born 1820

—Still going strong.



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Second Gentleman: "Non-refillable what?"

First Gentleman: "Bottle—a bottle that prevents an absent-minded servant from filling up."

Second Gentleman: "Which, the servant or the bottle?"

First Gentleman: "Both."

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But for one dollar (special offer) we can all become subscribers to Life. Still more, we can solve the Christmas problem this year in a way that for many it has never been solved before. Send us a list of all your friends whom you wish to remember, with the total amount for subscriptions (see coupon). Each friend will receive a handsome Christmas card—a notification that Life will thereafter come regularly. A reproduction of this card will appear soon on this page.

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Old Pure

Because and inva stein co of the cow to the per milk mal people v will, the milk co colored. it isn't.

Our recomm cannot l convales run-down

Send Cows' M

THE HO 5-X Am



"Made in America"

IT is not true that America has the worst department stores in the world. Undoubtedly there are worse ones in Siberia or Beluchistan or along the Congo. But that is not to say that America has the best department stores by any manner of means. If they were the best we would be compelled more often to notice their excellence and admire their enterprise. They would be more alert to seize opportunities and take advantage of situations that could be used for the benefit of both themselves and their customers.

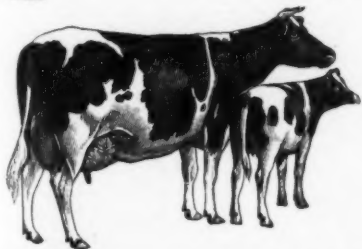
For instance, if they were the best, they would long since have seized upon the war situation in uncivilized Europe and the curtailment of foreign trade to brush up things here at home. They could have combined patriotism and enterprise by conducting "Made in America" sales and concocting other schemes to show that good merchandising, like charity, begins at home, and that the foolishness of foreign militarists, terrible as it is, is really more of a boon than a curse to the rest of us.

Old and Young Thrive on Purebred Holstein Cows' Milk

Because of their low vitality and thin blood, old people and invalids should daily drink purebred, registered Holstein cows' milk, because it imparts the great vitality of the large, healthy, rugged, black-and-white Holstein cow to the consumer. The very small, fat globules and the perfect character of the other solids in Holstein milk make it easy to digest and assimilate. Old and feeble people will find it very sustaining, and in many cases will, through its daily use, "pick up" in flesh. This milk costs no more than others. It is naturally light-colored. Don't imagine that yellow milk is better, for it isn't.

Our foremost medical authorities on infant feeding recommend purebred Holstein cows' milk for babies that cannot be breast-fed. It is positively the best milk for convalescents, feeble children, and in all cases where a run-down or badly nourished condition exists.

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Photo by H. E. Willis

What has become
of the
Anglo-Saxon
in
America?

HONORÉ WILLISIE

answers this question in her fascinating and compelling
new Novel

"STILL JIM"

"Still Jim" is an intensely interesting story of a young New England engineer, descended from the sturdy old Plymouth Rock stock, who finds himself and his kind crowded out of their old homes.

Jim goes West, and through his hardships he not only finds himself, but also finds the reasons why the Anglo-Saxon has failed in America.

Penelope Dennis, as joyous an Irish heroine as ever walked, helps Jim every inch of the way.

Mrs. Willsie's story gives a startling answer to a very important question, and in addition is an absorbing romance filled to the brim with action.

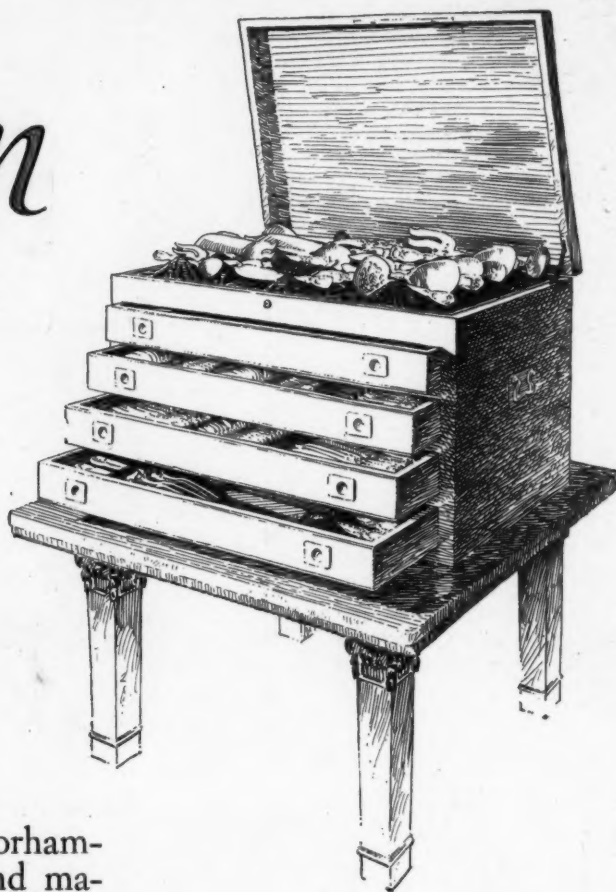
BEGIN IT IN

Everybody's
Magazine

FOR
DECEMBER

Gorham

Chests of Silver



ONE of the handsomest presents you can make to yourself or a friend is a chest of Gorham Silver.

Chests as well as silver are Gorham-made. They are in both oak and mahogany, made by expert cabinet-makers, and as staunch as they are graceful and convenient.

Each is filled with a carefully balanced selection of Gorham table silver. The chests run from the small one containing 20 pieces to the big one with 801. There are scores of intermediate sizes and combinations.

A thing to remember in buying a Gorham chest is that you can always match or replace pieces in any Gorham pattern.

Nothing that comes from the Gorham factory more satisfactorily fulfils the Gorham ideal of character and quality.

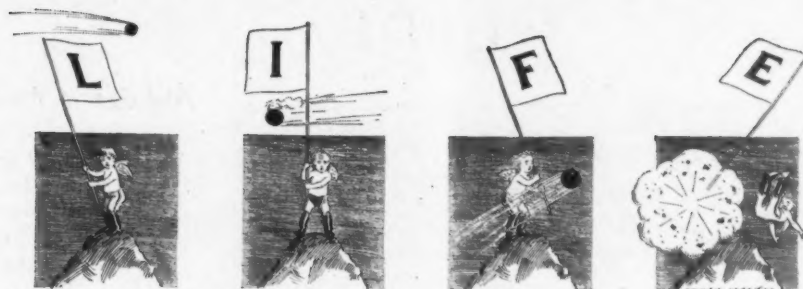
THE GORHAM CO.

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

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Quality for Quality—Price for Price—Gorham Standards



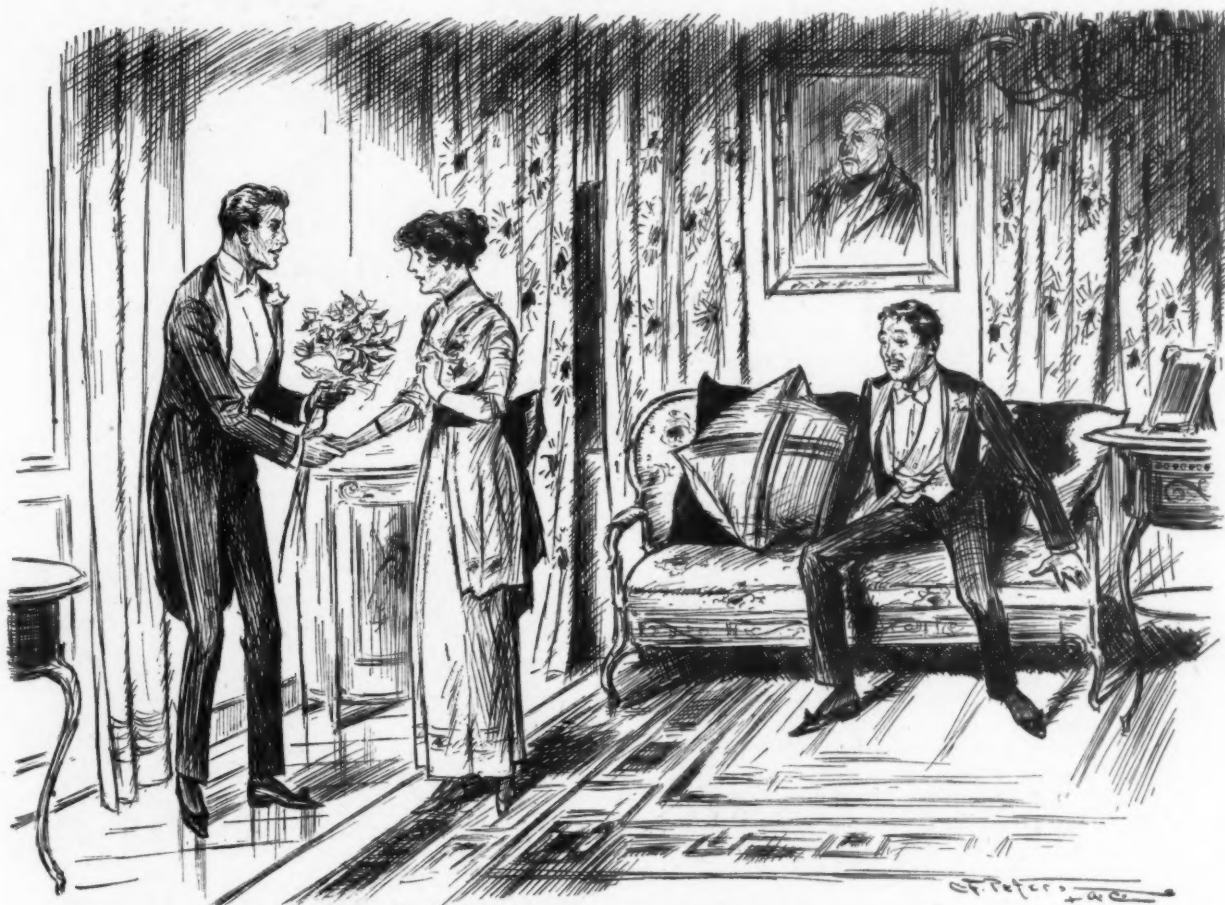
When the Allies Get to Essen

"She must lose the whole of her fleet," Lord Charles concluded, "give up the Kiel Canal and her colonies, her forts must be demolished and the Krupp works razed to the ground."

SO Lord Charles Beresford, as reported by cable. Lord Charles is dividing Germany before he has got her, but as to the Krupp works, all the world is with him. When the war reaches Essen mankind will crane its neck to see what happens, and if the Krupp cannon

factory gets a full dose of the destruction it has fed to Europe, there will not be a sigh of regret except from Germans.

One of the prophecies (of which there are so many) says that the last great battle of the war—biggest, worst and most tremendous—will be fought "where 'Antichrist' forges his guns"; and since "Antichrist" in this prophecy seems to be the Kaiser, that means Essen.



The One on the Sofa: WELL, I LIKE HIS NERVE! SO THAT'S WHY HE BORROWED THAT TEN-SPOT FROM ME THIS AFTERNOON



Church Warden (who is a conductor on week-days): FARES, PLEASE!

Alphabet of the New Winter Dances

AWFULLY attractive;
 Boldly begun.
 Carpingly criticized;
 Daringly done.
 Easily enemied;
 Fearfully fly!
 Gracefully gyrated;
 Horribly high.
 Impishly innocent,
 Joyously jimp;
 Kickily kittenish,
 Luringly limp.
 Merrily mischievous,
 Naughtily nice!
 Obesity's order.
 Propriety's price.
 Quietly questioned,
 Rampantly railed;
 Sinuous serpentine,
 Twinkingly trailed.
 Undue undulations
 Virtuously veiled.
 Willowy wavering
 Xpertly xpressed;
 Young yielding youthfulness,
 Zigzagging zest.

Carolyn Wells.

Lawyer and Clients

"A MAN who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client." This is a tradition carefully kept alive by our always-alert legal profession. But it is probably true. It is also probably true that fully nine-tenths of all clients are fools whether they act as their own lawyers or not. Indeed, it is such a perilous thing to trust one's interests to the superficial technicalities and artificialities of lawyers, the cumbrous machinery and the delays of courts, the indispensable ignorance and stupidity of juries, and the whims and prejudices of judges, that all clients should be presumed to be foolish until they have proved themselves wise.

Sex in Business.

IT may be instinct, it may be custom, but anyway it is a fact:

1. That when a woman marries she doesn't want her job any longer.
2. That when a man marries he wants his job all the more. Consequently—
3. That as long as there is marrying and giving in marriage, business, being desirous of reliable help, will discern a difference between the sexes.

WHEN virtue hides her face it is called modesty; when vice does likewise it is called shame.

The Public Interest

"DON'T you think old Phiscal really has the public interest at heart?"

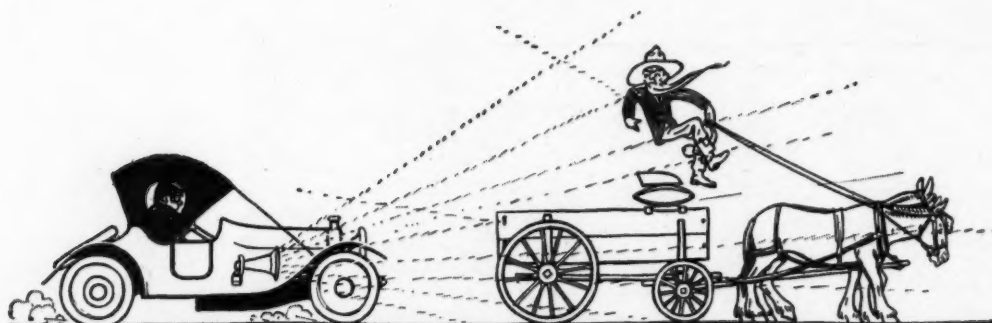
"No doubt of it; but I wish there was some way of having the public interest at heart without having the public by the throat."



She: WHY DO YOU CALL ON ME IN SUCH A CONDITION?
 "I CALL ON YOU—HIC—TO DISPERSE!"



SEVEN DAYS



1

I aint never set a foot in one of them contraptions
and I hope I never will.

The Heathen

SCRUBWOMAN GIVES \$60 TO CHURCH

At the Gospel Tabernacle, after the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Albert B. Simpson yesterday morning, the annual subscription was taken for the work of the missionaries of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. The total amount pledged was \$34,437.90. One scrubwoman contributed \$60, saved from her earnings, and promised \$10 more as soon as she could get it.

—New York Times, October 12, 1914.

BEHOLD a Scrubbing-woman, poor and thrifty,
Who earned each day a dollar-fifty,

And somehow saved—(let Economic Scholars
Please figure how!)—the sum of Sixty Dollars.

And then she went to Church and heard some Preaching,—
A Touching Discourse, earnestly beseeching

Financial Aid to help convert the Pagans—
The Kaffirs, Zulus, Annamese, Sebagans,

Or else the Russians, English, French and Germans;—
At all events, this Most Devout of Sermons

Enthralled the Working Lady so, that she then
And there gave all her Savings to the Heathen!

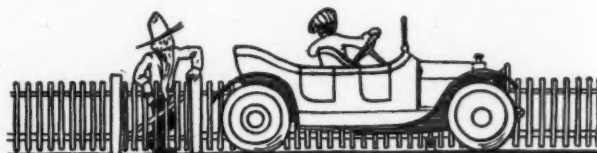
Since Wealth is Dross (the Prophets all forsook it),
With Grateful Thanks the Reverend Doctors took it.

They didn't say, "I think we'd best return it,
Dear Sister, for you worked so hard to earn it;

"The Winter's coming on and you may need it."
They took the Money faster than you read it.

So let us wish the Heathen good digestions
And hope they won't be asking Foolish Questions,

While Experts prosecute their Deep Researches
To find out "What's the Matter with Our Churches".
Arthur Guiterman.



2

Come on, take a ride, Henry.
Alright, just a short one.



3

These things do get over the
ground, dont they Frank?



4

Is this as fast as you can go,
Frank?

And Then?

What will happen when the time comes that we have nothing more to give the bankers? After the nation has deposited with them all the money that we own and all that we have been keeping in reserve and all that we need for daily expenditures and all that has been intrusted to us and all that we can borrow: and after we have mortgaged our post-offices and other public buildings and pawned our public monuments and other souvenirs and sold off everything that we can spare to the second-hand dealers: and after we have allowed the bankers to issue money on what they possess and what they don't possess

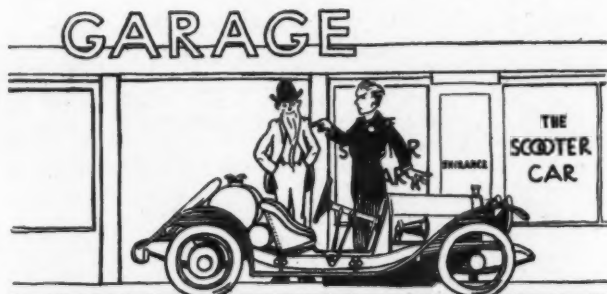
and what they used to possess and what they hope to possess and on their dread of the next world and on their grandmother's rheumatism and on the family wash, and when the cupboard is absolutely bare—what then?

After rearing them to do business only on the basis of more and more, what will happen when they come around for assistance when all is gone? What will happen when they come around and tell us that an emergency exists and that unless we fork over handsomely, all is lost? What will happen when they have to meet by themselves the emergencies of their own making? Anyone having correct answers to these questions will please send them in at once, as we may need them any time.

E. O. J.



5 Why don't you get a car, Henry?
Guess I will, Frank.



6 Best car on the market, Mister-Br-
Has it got a self-starter?



Guess I'll have to get these whiskers out, Sary,
too much wind resistance.

Saved!

THE stoppage of the outflow of gold to Europe and other barbarous points was effected just in the nick of time. If but a few ounces more had left our shores, a great cataclysmic shiver would have gone up the national spine and immediately the crops would have stopped growing and the wheels of railroads would have ceased to turn and the coal supply would have run out and the demand for clothing and fuel and shelter would have fallen off six hundred and ninety-two per cent. and workmen would have been unable to hear their early-morning alarm-clocks and doctors would have had to abandon the

germ theory and General Welfare would have had to be removed from his high rank and General Havoc appointed to his place.

But it is all right. Heroic measures were promptly adopted by those whose duty it is to be heroes at such times. Consequently, even those of us who see no gold from one year's end to another can go about our daily tasks in peace, potently calm in the knowledge that there is plenty of gold, that it is in exactly the right places, that high finance reigns and the gold superstition still lives.



Fat Burglar: LEGGO, DERN YE, ER I'LL FALL ON YE!



"UNCLE JOHN, IF YOU'LL GIMME SOME MORE CANDY I'LL LET YOU KISS ME, AN I'LL PROMISE NOT TO RUB IT OFF"

Our Useful Department

HOW TO RUN A RAILROAD

GET acquainted with four or five millionaires and any stock broker. Step into any State and buy a good working Legislature. If you spend a little time and put your mind on the job you can get one cheap. From a department store order a modern railroad equipment and have it delivered on the spot. When your rails have been laid, issue enough bonds to pay for the trouble you have caused others. From the bonds issue stock. Divide the proceeds among your millionaire friends, and with your share become a United States Senator. Thus you will complete the circle and show that you love your country for what it has done for you.



The Artist: WHAT IS IT YOU WISH ME TO DO?
*Millionaire (who has just acquired an ancestral home-
 stead, including furnishings):* JUST GIVE THEM A TOUCH
 HERE AND THERE SO THEY WILL HAVE MY FAMILY RESEM-
 BLANCE

A Nation's Peril

DURING dinner Harold labored under an almost visible state of excitement. It was not, however, until the evening meal was concluded, and his mother had gone to tell the cook what they would like to have for breakfast, provided the cook felt in humor for cooking it, that Harold felt secure.

"Oh, say, papa," he burst out, "it's coming! The barber says so, and the man at the grocery says he knows we can't get out of it. I wish you would tell me how soon and all about it."

Harold's father looked almost furtively at his watch, as he lighted his cigar.

"I have an important engagement this evening with your mother, my boy," he replied solemnly, "but I regard it as a sacred duty on the part of an American father to sacrifice a part of his valuable time in keeping his children correctly informed on the great questions of the day, and I cannot tell you how gratified I am to see you take so much interest. Now make your statements short and direct—just as you always see me do—for your mother will be ready soon. What's coming?"

Harold's eyes gleamed with youthful patriotism.

"Why, father!" he exclaimed, "we just can't help going to war. The barber says we're going to be attacked by Japan and China and Germany and England and Russia all at once—and they are all coming overnight with airships and big guns and bombs and submarines and blow up everything. He says Congressman Mann and Congressman Gardner and Colonel Roosevelt and President Eliot and everybody else in the whole country except Mr. Bryan are just worried sick because we are not ready. We haven't any men, and the barber says they are the backbone of every nation; and even now you can see the dark and bloodthirsty forms of the enemy stealing over yon horizon—say, papa, don't you think I'd better join the army?"

Harold's father smiled indulgently, albeit his manner was a trifle nervous, as he once more consulted his watch and glanced in the direction of the hall stairs.

"My dear, innocent boy," he replied, "you mustn't believe in all the weird tales you hear. Of course the future, as that eminent public servant and far-seeing statesman, William Howard Taft, so wonderfully says, 'no man can determine'. But I assure you, my son, nothing can happen to a great nation like ours, with its marvelous resources, protected on all sides by nature's barriers. Don't be afraid. There is not the slightest danger."

"But the barber says the government ought to start a great military training-school for boys, where they could go for six months or a year, and that would give us very soon a big reserve army; and he says that our boys are suffering from lack of discipline, and he says the life blood of the nation is being oozed away because young men are allowed to spend their time recklessly driving automobiles over innocent women and children, and sapping their young life blood away at tango teas, when



The One with the Rope: THERE'S NO NEED OF YOUR COMING UP, TOO, HARRY. I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE

they ought to be getting ready to defend their country from the dread barbarians of Europe and Asia—you ought not to mind an army, papa, because you're too old to serve. But I'm brave and——"

There was the ominous swish of a skirt in the upper hall. Harold's father reached for his hat.

"My boy," he said, "I'm sorry that I can't tell you the truth about this, but duty calls me away with your mother. But believe me, Harold—and you know my rule is to treat you as an equal and with the utmost frankness—the trouble, as I have said before, lies with the parents of this country, the fathers who neglect their boys, as much as with the boys themselves—here comes your mother; we'll take this up again."

Harold's voice quivered. The mysterious air adopted by his beloved father was no cryptogram to him.

"Say, papa," he whispered, "if you treat me as an equal, then why can't I go to the movies with you and mamma?"

Social Strangers

BANK TELLER (*politely*): I'm sorry, madam, but I cannot cash your check. You must bring in some one to identify you; that is, some one who is known to both of us.

FAIR CUSTOMER (*loftily*): Indeed! I am sure our social spheres are entirely too distinct for such a thing to be possible.



First Maid: NOW TH' BOSS IS TELLIN' TH' MISSUS THAT AT LEAST TH' SERVANTS SUSPECT NOTHIN'!



"SAVE ME! OH, SAVE MY LIFE AND I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

"I'LL SAVE YER LIFE ALL RIGHT, BUT YE CAN KEEP YER MONEY. I JEST HATE EXTRAVAGANCE."

Ad Infinitum

THIS is the house that Diaz built.

This is Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is Carranza, who chased out Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is Villa, who is ousting Carranza, who chased out Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is Zapata, who will overthrow Villa, who is ousting Carranza, who chased out Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is the Peon—his name doesn't matta—who soon will be bouncing the warlike Zapata, who will overthrow Villa, who is ousting Carranza, who chased out Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

L. H. R.



HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE

The Lawyer

I'D rather be a Timber-sawyer
Or Candy-peddler than a Lawyer.
The Lawyer looks upon the Hills
And thinks of Nuncupative Wills.
The Lawyer views the Rolling Prairie
And talks of Writs of Certiorari.
The Lawyer to the Lake resorts
And reads up Kickleton on Torts.
The Lawyer lies where Sylvan Peace is
And dreams of Mortgages and Leases.
I'd feel Starvation's Tooth a-gnawing
Before I'd get my Bread by Lawing!

A. G.

Words, Words, Words!

MAN lives not by bread alone, but largely by catch-phrases. For instance, the activities of the poor and the rich do not differ much, except in nomenclature. The poor walk to save car-fare and call it misfortune. The rich walk for pleasure and call it golf or pedestrianism. The act is the same and the results are about alike. The poor call it a necessity and the rich call it a privilege, just another difference in names. It is a life-saving device in both cases, nullifying many of the effects of too little money in the one case and of too much in the other.

The poor coachman sits by his master and drives, calling it his work; or the master sits by his coachman and drives, calling it pleasure. The poor man works in the garden because he must, and calls it labor; the rich man because he wants to, and calls it play. Both sweat, get tired and eat heartily; both are benefited alike, but each clings to his separate name for the thing.

The poor largely go without doctors and their dope, and call it disaster; the well-to-do are doing much the same, and calling it Christian Science or New Thought. The result is about the same. Life triumphs somehow over both disease and doctrine, and both classes get well for the most part.

Lady Victoria Welby, perhaps the greatest Englishwoman of her time, as her noble forebear the great Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was of hers, has evoked a new and profound philosophy based upon language. She was the first to set forth formally the tremendous fact that instead of words being an expression of life, life has become enslaved to words. We are not masters of speech, as we are likely to believe, but are ourselves the creatures and serfs of language. The thing we have created for our use has become a monster for our undoing.

The new philosophy is called "Significs", and we advise all those who consider themselves educated, and particularly all teachers of language, professors of literature and philological sharks, to get the lady's books and ponder them well. She has the right idea. Words, from being merely the expressions of concepts, have become the creators of concepts.

James Howard Kehler.



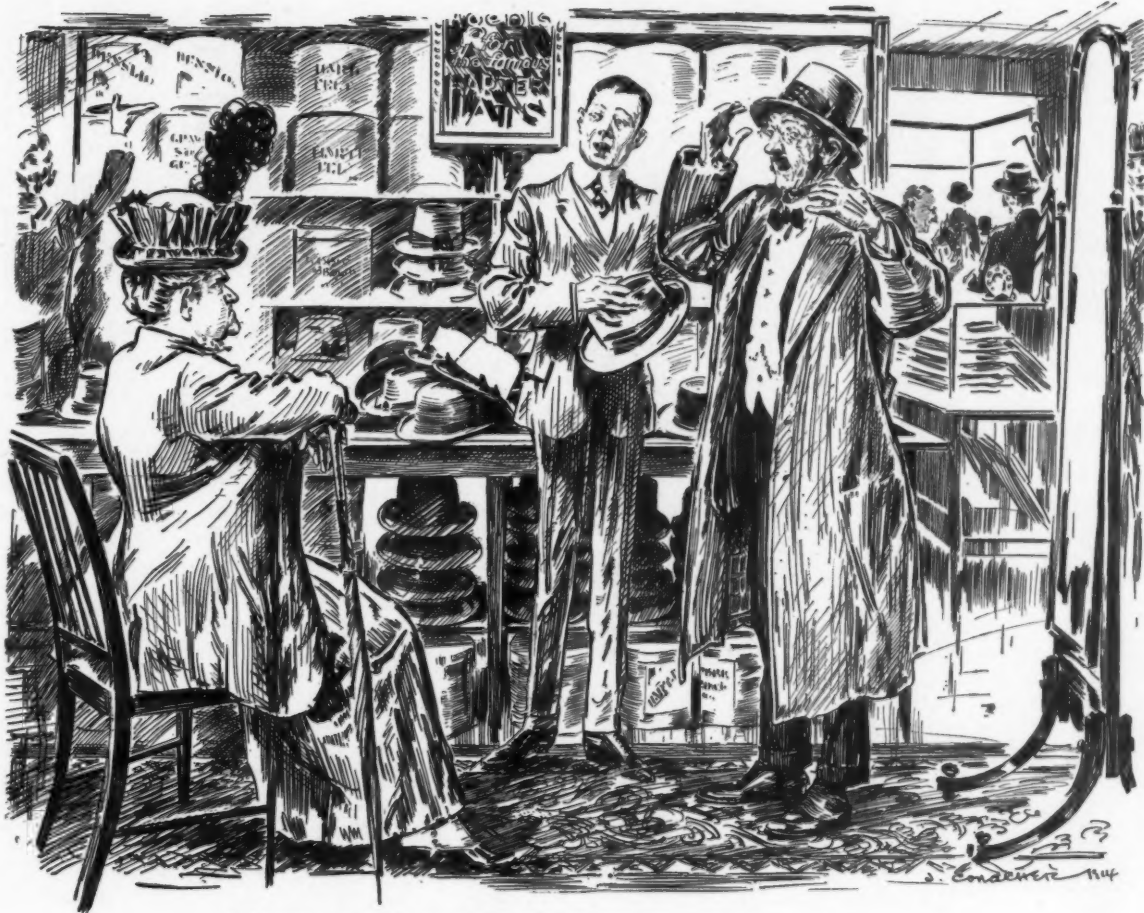
Mr. Gazelle: MY GOODNESS! WHAT A HARD TIME HE MUST HAVE HAD LIVING DOWN THAT FACE!

"THERE goes Miss Van Antler. Weren't her father and mother divorced or involved in some kind of a scandal?"

"Yes. But she is so pretty and engaging that she hopes to make her way without taking advantage of that."



WHY CHELSEA 3530 DIDN'T ANSWER



Salesman: THERE'S A MIRROR BEHIND YOU, SIR
The Lady: NEVER MIND THE MIRROR, YOUNG MAN. I'M PERFECTLY CAPABLE
OF TELLING HIM WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE

A Battle Hymn

ONWARD, Christian Soldiers,
Slaught'ring as you go,
Plant the Cross of Jesus
O'er the fallen foe.
Pillage, rape and murder,
Let the bullets rain;
If the foe turns other cheek, just
Shoot him once again.

Welcome to Belgium

MEASURES should be taken to import Belgium to this country.

There were something over seven million people in Belgium before the Germans began to pound it out. We

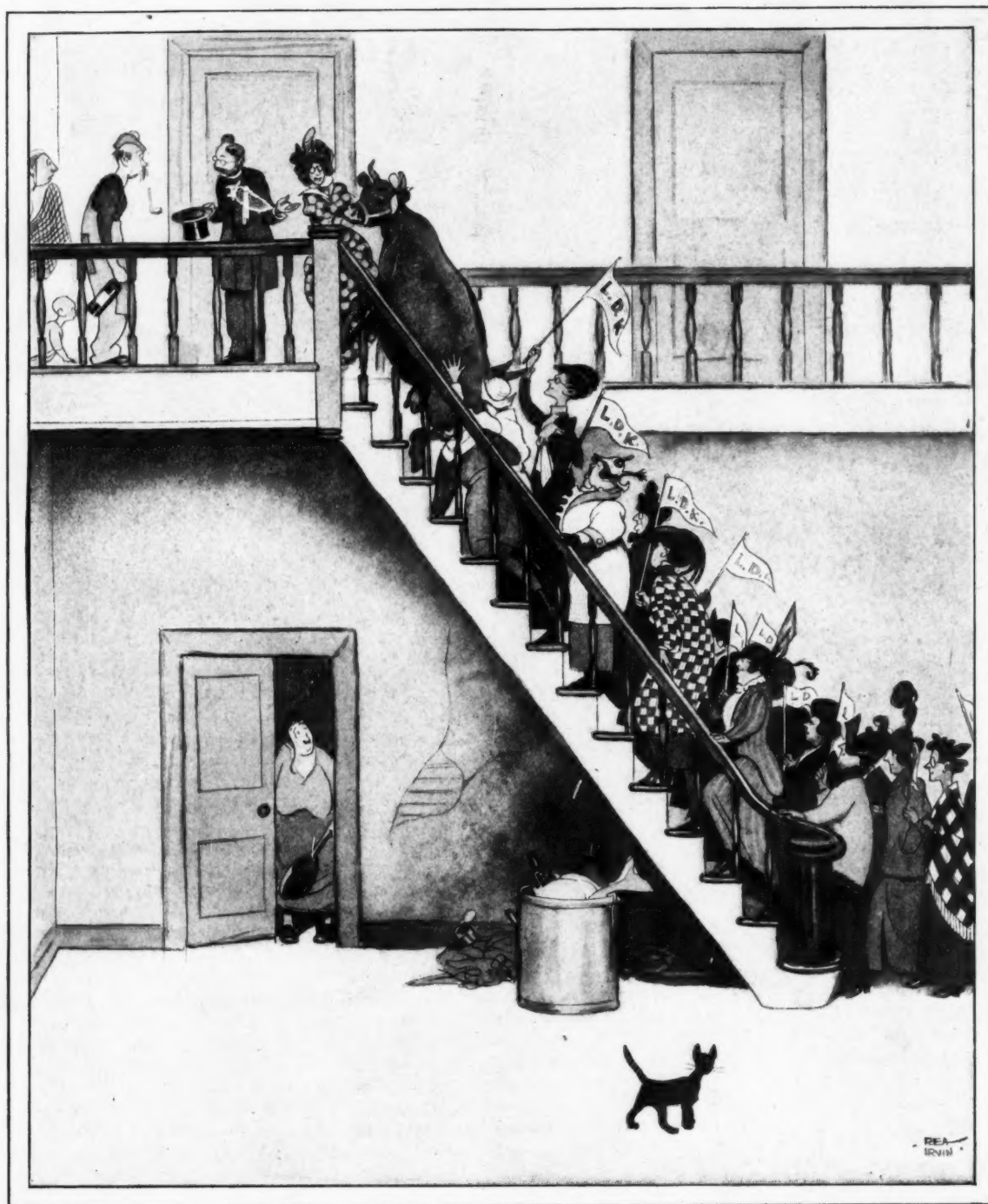
could use those seven millions in this country to considerable advantage, as examples of thrift and courage. King Albert could come along also and be governor. He would raise the standard of our governors considerably, and heaven knows we need it.

We could easily and profitably dispense with some of our present States. Why not remove New Jersey and Delaware and substitute Belgium?

Europe would be permanently relieved, and we should be the gainer. If the experiment worked as seems most likely, other small and oppressed countries in Europe could join Belgium, leaving the Powers alone to fight among themselves.



"HELLO, LIZ. I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD STEADY COMPANY?"



CLUBS WE DO NOT CARE TO JOIN
THE LITTLE-DEEDS-OF-KINDNESS CLUB

For the Sufferers

THESE contributions in behalf of the sufferers from the European war were received up to November 7, inclusive:

Previously acknowledged	\$816.55
C. E. Furlong, Mr. Bennett, Harry Ritchey, St. Louis; Geo. Baldrige, Ed. Albersworth, Dallas, Tex.	13.00
W. C. Bannard, Fort Worth, Tex.	5.00
Grace Richardson, Pylesville, Md.	1.00
Mrs. H. M. Seaver, Pittsfield, Mass.	5.00
J. D. Lovelace, M.D., Speegleville, Tex.	5.00
K. F. Overton, Laguna Beach, Cal.	5.00
Anonymous	2.00
A. Kendall, Rock Springs, Wyo.	5.00
Chas. W. Raymond, Dayton, O.	1.00
Sally, Junius and Gertrude, Denver, Colo.	25.00
Ethel Morse, Omaha, Nebr.	10.00
J. H. Riley, Falls Church, Va.	5.00
Mrs. Canfield and Nellie Noxon, Ingersoll, Ont.	6.00
Mrs. F. D. Canfield, Ingersoll, Ont.	2.00
H. A. Wagner, Milwaukee, Wis.	50.00
A. Fries	1.67
Sam Crowther, Rockland, Mass.	1.00
H. B. E., Philadelphia, Pa.	10.00
F. M. P., New Brighton, N. Y.	5.00
L. C. R.	5.00
Edith R. Root, Rockford, Ill.	5.00
Edward W. Miller, Chicago, Ill.	10.00
Miss H. A. Cranska, Moosup, Conn.	2.00
Bristol, R. I.	2.00
Miss Julie D. Dawson, Carmel, Cal.	200.00
Dead Head	25.00
Montgomery, Ala.	2.00
Peru, Ind.	50.00
5 A and 5 B Grades, Beaver High School, Bluefields, W. Va.	2.50
E. B. E., Boston, Mass.	1.00
Cash, Holtville, Cal.	2.00
Anonymous, Delaware	200.00
	\$1,480.72

Word has been received that food and clothing can be used to better advantage than money to mitigate the sufferings of the women, children and helpless non-combatants caused by the war in Europe. With this knowledge the money contributed by LIFE's readers is being expended for warm clothing, which will be shipped partly to Mrs. Duryea at Dinard and partly to responsible agencies for distribution directly to those who have been rendered destitute of protection against the cold.

No words of ours could show conditions better than this reprinting of the simple appeal of the King of the Belgians:

I am informed that American officials and citizens in Belgium and England are working to save my people from the horrors of famine which now threaten them.

It is a great comfort to me in this hour of sorrow and misfortune to feel that a great-hearted, disinterested people are directing their efforts at relieving the dis-



A RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS

tress of the unoffending civilian population of my country.

Despite all that can be done, the suffering during the coming winter will be terrible, but the burden we must bear will be lightened if my people can be spared the pangs of hunger, with the frightful consequences of disease and violence.

I confidently hope that the appeal of the American commission will meet a generous response. The whole-hearted friendship of America shown to my people at this time will always be a precious memory.

ALBERT.

French Thrift

WHAT is the leading vice of the Germans?

Prussianism.

And of the French?

Thrift.

And of the English?

Stolidity.

And of the Russians?

Czarism, maybe; or perhaps drink.

But thrift is a virtue!

In moderation. To save is prudent.

To put one's trust in saving is imprudent. The great asset of a country is competent, live people. To diminish unduly the supply of competent, live people in order to increase unduly the supply of savings is a bad policy.

Oh, well; excess in anything is bad, but at least if you exceed in thrift you have something to show for it. France is rich and always has money!

Yes, but look at it. In forty years

Germany has outgrown France so fast in population that France is not safe and has to have allies. French savings, paid to Germany after '70, built German fortresses, stimulated German trade and prepared the way for more Germans. French savings lent to Germany and used as capital were a great factor in developing German manufactures and shipping, and thus contriving provision for more and more Germans. And then French savings had to roll off to Russia to provide armies and weapons for the ally necessary to France, because she had spent her money raising Germans instead of raising Frenchmen. France has kept her cake, but Germany has eaten it.

Anyhow, it has done Germany good.

Not a bit. It has done her immense harm. It is bad for anybody, man or country, to live on the savings of some one else. It breeds the desire to get something for nothing. That Germany is overdeveloped, overworked, overpopulated and now outrageous is very much the fault of French thrift.

It seems a hard choice. Be thriftless and raise lots of children and face want, or save and die out.

Oh, well: *In medio tutissimus ibis*. Be thrifty and raise children. Savings in the end get back to the people who are alive in the earth. All the choice the overthrift have is whether they shall save for their own children or some one else's. Better save for their own.

E. S. M.



NOVEMBER 19, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THERE has been an election, but things have gone on happening with such rapidity that it is almost forgotten. It left Mr. Wilson President as before, the prospective Senate Democratic by about a dozen votes, and the prospective House still Democratic by two dozen votes, or more. So, as far as Washington is concerned, things will go along in a Democratic way for two years more anyhow. That is contrary to the Republican expectations that one discovered in Washington last spring. Congress was expected to turn Republican. Perhaps the war helped the Democrats. Anyhow, though they lost many seats in the House, they came out pretty well.

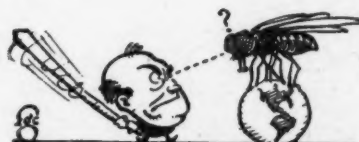
Here in New York the victory of Whitman and Wadsworth was very interesting. There is no weighty objection to having these gentlemen in office if the voters want them. The Democrats have had their way in New York for four years, and it cannot be said that their work has been edifying. Of the three Democratic Governors, Glynn was the best, but it is uphill work to be a good Democratic Governor in New York, with Tammany so lively in its decadence and so strong in the Legislature.

Mr. Whitman has got as diligent a company of detractors as any believer in the beatitudes could ask for, but he has been a good District Attorney, and he looks to have a good deal in him. As for Mr. Wadsworth, we must not repine at his promotion. He is a vigorous and likely young farmer,

thirty-seven years old, who has been manager of a baseball nine, Speaker of the New York State Assembly, and a rancher in Texas, and probably knows more about beets, hay, horses and sport than Mr. Root does. He also knows some politics, and will know more after he has been six years in the Senate. Mr. Root has said of him that of all the gentlemen in our political nursery he has "exhibited the greatest promise of useful public service of the highest order". Mr. Root does not certify that he is a consecrated vessel, but he may make us quite as glorious a Senator as Mr. O'Gorman.

Former Governor Sulzer polled more than twice as many votes as Mr. Roosevelt's party did, and it seems to have been Sulzer's anti-Tammany vote that beat Mr. Glynn. The Colonel's party did not show up strong anywhere. In Massachusetts, with a small vote, it managed to beat Mr. McCall for Governor, and reelect a Democrat, Mr. Walsh. Hiram Johnson carried California, but not so much because he is a Progressive as because he is Hiram Johnson. The Colonel seems to have gone underground politically, but maybe he has merely dug himself in to await developments. "Three times," says the *World*, "has the *World* written the political obituary of Theodore Roosevelt. . . . This time we shall say nothing at all of the dead." The Colonel has a form of unscrupulousness that always impairs confidence that he will stay dead like a gentleman. And this is earthquake time in this world! Nevertheless, at the moment the Colonel's resurrection prospects do not appear bright.

The indictment of the New Haven directors the day before election does not seem to have helped the administration in Connecticut. Perhaps Connecticut considers that it is time to be indulgent to its only railroad. Anyhow, the indictment would have kept a week.



THE Suffragists seem to have won in Montana and Nevada, two very big mountain-mining States which had in 1910 a population of less than half a million between them. Nevada's population by the census of that year was 81,875, much less than a hundredth part of the population of New York. We should not grudge to Nevada the votes of its women. It needs voters.

In Ohio and Missouri, strong, normal States, suffrage was defeated by heavy majorities, as also in Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota.

Washington, Oregon and Colorado—two coast States and a mountain-mining State—went dry, but California rejected prohibition. It is the coast States and the mountain States and Kansas that have the largest appetites for political experiment.

California is a great wine-raising State, and since wine-drinking more than any other kind of drinking is compatible with temperance, it is a good thing not to have the California wine industry cut off by State prohibition. Locally California continues four-fifths dry under its local option law, and it has paid a tribute to decorum by abolishing prize-fighting. Since this last feat was done in the election, no doubt the women voters had a hand in it.

Women voters in Chicago did not turn out in as strong force as was expected, but those that voted saved the election of two good sanitary trustees and one Republican judge. Women usually vote as their men do, but the word from Chicago is that they seem to prefer good candidates to bad, and are going to be helpful "in the elimination of the undesirable element in politics".

This is very complimentary to the women voters. Next April Chicago elects a Mayor and other city officers and thirty-six members of the City Council. Women vote for all these officers, and are expected to help the city to a band of paragons.

The most interesting test of woman suffrage as yet arranged for is in Chicago.



THE Rockefeller Foundation being an autocracy, can mobilize at short notice, and has earned the gratitude of all of us by providing about a million dollars' worth of prompt aid for the Belgians. To have money in the bank and good credit, though culpable, apparently, from the standpoint of political uplift, is not half bad when something urgent has to be quickly done. Our various relief funds are doing pretty well, but the sum of all of them at this writing is not as much as this million that the Rockefeller organization will be able to rush to the front.

Such relief as the Belgians need is a pretty hard strain on private benevolence and ought in some way to be financed. The Germans seem to have consumed or destroyed the food in Belgium and to continue the extortion of tribute from what is left of the Belgian cities, and to be quite willing that the Belgians should starve to death at their convenience. What proportion of the seven million surviving Belgians are fugitives does not appear, but most of them seem to be in acute distress and make a huge relief problem, much bigger than any that has before confronted the people of this part of the world. Supplies for them must come from these States and must go to the Belgians and not to the German raiders. Distribution seems to be provided for, but there should be a Belgian credit in this country to buy the supplies on an adequate scale, and though the relief funds help in that, so far they don't help nearly enough.

That Germany and the Germans



THE DODO

should hate Belgium and the Belgians and wish to wipe them off the map is entirely reasonable. It is Belgium that has shown the Germans up—their utter lack of regard for solemn agreements, their ruthlessness in warfare, their greedy and pitiless ferocity in dealing with captured territory. It is Belgium and Bernhardt that cannot be explained away by the German apologists, and that have taught an observant world what to expect if Germany gets the upper hand of it. The Germans had a quarrel with France, with Russia, with England. They have fought them all hard and considerably to the admiration of bystanders. But they had no quarrel

with Belgium. They trampled in on that country simply because they thought she could not help herself. Astonishing to say, they have reaped in Belgium precisely what they sowed—ruin. They are not ahead, but far behind, by their deviltry. It has destroyed what moral issue they had, wounded them irreparably in reputation as a nation and as a people, and helped them not a whit in their military designs. We could sympathize with the Germans in many particulars of their predicament and of their aspirations, but in their dealings with Belgium they stand damned by the opinion of mankind, indefensible, inexcusable and beaten.



LIFE



If He Wins



Not Exactly for Parsons or Prudes



"OUTCAST" is a most improper play. Almost every character in it is an offender against the prevalent laws of morality or conventionality. Even the hero's lawyer friend, with the hypocritically austere demeanor of his profession, enjoys the unconventional life in which he finds himself and takes a coroner's delight in some of its unpleasant details.

It is great art on the part of Mr. Davies, the author of "Outcast", that he makes his audiences sympathize so thoroughly with the points of view of his characters, all of whom are breaking the laws of morality or conventionality. The hero is a contemptible weakling, according to generally accepted notions. But the author makes him so strong in the love responsible for his downfall that we forgive him for his resort to anything

that will make him forget its undeserved suffering. The heroine, as we first see her, has reached those depths of feminine degradation that as a rule take a woman away from any but philanthropic sympathy. And yet the author fits her with so simple and credible an explanation that at once we take her to our hearts to make her the object of our sentimental affection. He has even supplied to the woman who is yet more degraded, through marrying for money when love was at her command, a plausible explanation that saves even her from being repulsive. The most unpleasant, although absolutely veracious, character is the unfortunate heroine's maid, who demonstrates her superior virtue and respectability by her servant-girl impertinences.

Perhaps the strongest of Mr. Davies's accomplishments is that the audience is not entirely turned against his hero when that gentleman justifies himself in sending adrift the devoted woman who has saved him from his own weakness and then re-made herself through love of him. This last sacrifice on the part of the lady seems a bit out of tune with some things that have gone before, but the author leaves in the mind a sneaking and comfortable suspicion that the marriage on which she has set her heart will eventually take place.

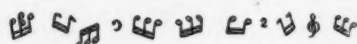


THE acting of Elsie Ferguson in this interesting and skillfully constructed play is not so much a surprise as a pleasure and a confirmation of their expectations to those who have watched her career. It has been one of constant improvement. She has evidently not been content with her natural gifts of beauty, physique, bearing and voice, allowing others to supplement them with what manager, author and costumer can do to make even mediocrity popular, but has perfected herself in the technique of acting. Almost any actress could play the rôle of *Miriam* after a fashion, even acceptably, although it makes one shudder to think of what some of our advertisement-made stars would do with it.

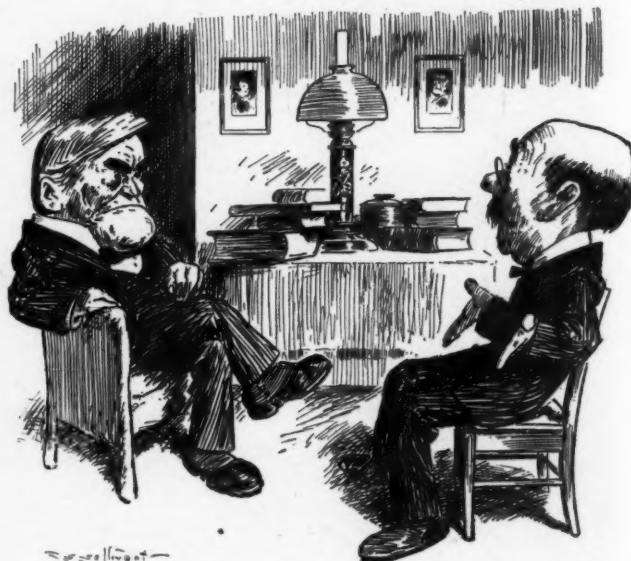
Elsie Ferguson's interpretation, from its first showing when she is the hopeless street girl, through her growth to the point where her innate goodness and squareness has made her a real woman, may be watched and listened to at every move and word without the detection of a flaw and with only the slightest evidence of the artificiality that so often passes for art.

The star is fortunate in having for a foil an actor so intelligent and manly in bearing as Mr. Charles Cherry. His rôle is not entirely a grateful one and might easily have been made a sniveling instead of a sympathetic one. The lady who acts the jilt who has made all the trouble is rather disappointing, but in other respects the cast is a good one.

Many persons prefer to close their eyes and ears to such aspects of life as are shown in "Outcast". Those of broader outlook will find it an unusually good play, delightfully acted.



IN "Mary Goes First" Mr. Henry Arthur Jones shows his usual ability to twine a lot of fun and interest about a very slender theme. British titles, British precedence and British petty politics are the subjects of his refined fooling; in fact, everything about the comedy is so British and so very locally British that it will be strange if American audiences grasp what a good deal of it is about. But Marie Tempest is in the cast, with a very suitable rôle, and that means vivacity, piquancy or roguery every minute she is on the stage. She has been away from New York a long time, but the years have rather enhanced than diminished her attractiveness and enjoyment-provoking qualities as a comedienne. The English company supporting her is a good one, and despite its English saturation, "Mary Goes First" is diverting.



"DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A HIGHER POWER?"
"MY DEAR SIR, I MARRIED HER."

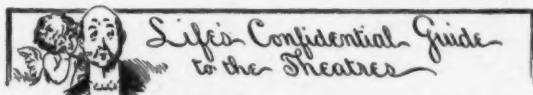
"THE ONLY GIRL" once had a slight success as a comedy called "Our Wives" and has now been made into a musical play by the addition of a musical score by Mr. Victor Herbert, songs and new lines by Mr. Henry Blossom, and the amplifying of its cast by a number of attractive ladies of the chorus. In its entirety it is very much better than most of the things we see with a musical setting and provides an extremely cheerful evening's entertainment.

THE Casino seems to have an aversion to doing anything but the same old thing over and over again. Of course "Suzi" is new in musical, verbal and material equipment, but if a regular at the Casino should go to sleep during the performance and suddenly wake up, he might have to look at the date on his programme to decide whether he was seeing a Casino production in the year 1914 or a similar one in any year of the past decade. The music is of the tinkling Viennese school and the book has one of the familiar plots, with mighty little fun. In the company are José Collins, who has grown stouter but not more beautiful or accomplished; Connie Ediss, who has not grown stouter nor more beautiful and accomplished; Fritz Von Busing, most attractive and refined, and among the men Messrs. Melville Stewart and Tom McNaughton. In these reported hard times in the theatrical world it is almost saddening to see such a waste of time, money and effort as is evident in "Suzi".

THE lady with a past comes to us again in "That Sort". It has been a very lurid past, but hasn't entirely blotted out maternal affection and has given her a good equipment for the "tigress fighting for her young" episode, which marks the climax of the play. It enables her to prevent the marriage of her nice young daughter with a gentleman whose past record she knows from personal acquaintance.

The play shows that Mr. Hastings, who also wrote "The New Sin", can treat an old theme with originality, but there is no such character drawing in this play as in the earlier one. The cast and staging are good, and if there remains in the public any further curiosity about ladies who crop up in their later years to make trouble with their embarrassing records, Nazimova's *Diana Laska* supplies a new and certainly picturesque type.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"The Miracle Man." The humorous and serious sides of the effort of a bunch of New York crooks to capitalize the powers of a rural faith-curer. Laughable and interesting.

Belasco.—"The Phantom Rival." An Americanized Hungarian fantastic drama visualizing a dream. A clever conception well acted and well staged.

Booth.—"Experience." Allegorical play applying the methods of John Bunyan to very up-to-date conditions. Imitative of "Everywoman", but interesting and picturesque.

Candler.—"On Trial." A murder mystery unfolded in unusually original fashion; well staged and well played.

Casino.—"Suzi." See above.

Century Opera House.—"Les Contes de Hoffmann" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" at alternate performances. Last week of season.

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise." An evening of laughter based on a clever use of the art of advertising for farcical purposes.

Comedy.—"Marie Tempest in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Mary Goes First." See above.

Cort.—"Under Cover." Polite smuggling and Custom House corruption made material for a well-presented melodrama.

Eltinge.—"Innocent." The downward path for women dramatically pictured in the career of a girl with hereditary tendencies.

Empire.—"Diplomacy." Mr. Gillette, Blanche Bates and Marie



"PLEASE, MISTER, IF YE'LL CLIMB UP AN' GIT OUR KITTEN OUT O' THAT TREE, WE'LL ALL GIVE YE A KISS"

Doro in a not particularly distinguished revival of the always-interesting Sardou drama.

Fulton.—"Twin Beds." Laughable demonstration of the fact that when one goes home somewhat the better for dining too well, care should be taken to get into one's own apartment instead of that occupied by one's neighbor's wife.

Gaiety.—"Daddy Long-Legs." Pleasant little play dealing with the career of a girl foundling. Sentimental, pathetic and diverting.

Globe.—"Messrs. Montgomery and Stone in a musical extravaganza based on the old Aladdin story. Elaborately staged and full of fun.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Lilac Domino." Musical and well-sung comic opera, written by a Frenchman on the familiar Viennese lines.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Law of the Land." Interesting and well-played melodrama of a murder in high life and the police methods of solving a mystery.

Harris.—"Nazimova in "That Sort", by B. Macdonald Hastings, author of "The New Sin". See above.

Hippodrome.—"The Wars of the World." Brilliant spectacle of various aspects of war with the horrors left out.

Hudson.—"The Big Idea," by Messrs. A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton. Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—"The Girl from Utah." London girl-and-music show with American company. Not at all novel, but lightly diverting.

Little.—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." Modish farcical comedy, very English, but well presented and amusing.

Lyceum.—"Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis, with Elsie Ferguson as the star. See above.

Lyric.—"The Battle Cry." Melodrama of life in the Kentucky mountains, full of the feud spirit and fighting. Strenuous and well staged.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Life." Big American melodrama with energetic action and sensational stage effects from start to finish.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Mr. Walker Whiteside in "Mr. Wu". Drama of the life of foreign residents in China with lots of local color.

Park.—"The Garden of Paradise," by Mr. Edward Sheldon. Notice later.

Playhouse.—"My Lady's Dress," by Mr. Charles Knoblauch. Fanciful drama made up of episodes passing in a dream suggested by the origin of the various things that enter into the making of a fashionable gown. Very interesting and well done.

Princess.—"A new bill of short plays. Notice later.

Punch and Judy.—"The Marriage of Columbine." Notice later.

Shubert.—"The Hawk." Interesting and well-acted drama of intrigue in French society life, with Mr. Faversham and Mlle. Dorziat in the leading rôles.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Only Girl," by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. See above.

Wallack's.—"The Highway of Life," by Louis N. Parker. Episodes from Charles Dickens's "David Copperfield" knit together into a play and staged with delightful fidelity.

Winter Garden.—"Dancing Around," with Al Jolson as the star. The big girl-and-music theatre in another brilliant and gorgeous missionary effort to save the tired business man from ennui.



Lady Senator: ARE YOU THE EDITOR THAT REFERRED TO ME AS "ONE OF THE ELDER STATESMEN"?

THE GOVERNOR (*closing the door*): Now, my boy, I am told by friends who know that the other night you were seen in a popular restaurant giving a supper to some chorus girls. Is this true?

THE SON: Yes, sir.

"Well, what do you suppose your mother would say, sir, if she knew this?"

"She would probably ask me, sir, not to let you know who they were."



BASEBALL TERM
"SAFE ON SECOND"

Music of the Week

Tuesday, November 17, *Æolian Hall* (Afternoon).—Début of Paul Draper, a brand-new tenor.

(Evening).—First concert of the Margulies Trio.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—Song recital by Ernestine Schumann-Heink, a still great contralto, substituting artistic for domestic publicity.

Century Opera House.—Opening performance of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor": operatic melodrama used as a background for the vocal pyrotechnics of Florence Macbeth.

Wednesday, November 18, *Æolian Hall*.—Violoncello recital by Frederick Preston Search.

Metropolitan Opera House.—"Lohengrin", Richard Wagner's idealistic description of life in Antwerp before the war.

Thursday, November 19, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—Bizet's "Carmen", revived for the display of Geraldine Farrar's versatility.

Friday, November 20, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—Strauss's "Rosenkavalier": German slapstick comedy raised to the dignity of operatic art.

Æolian Hall (Afternoon).—Nicolai Sokoloff and his violin. (Evening).—Victor Wittgenstein and a pianoforte.

Saturday, November 21, *Metropolitan Opera House* (Afternoon).—"La Bohème," Puccini's sentimentalization of the traditional Bohemia.

(Evening).—Verdi's "Aida" at popular prices.

Æolian Hall (Afternoon).—Willy Burmester, a pedagogue of the violin.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—Orchestral concert for young people.

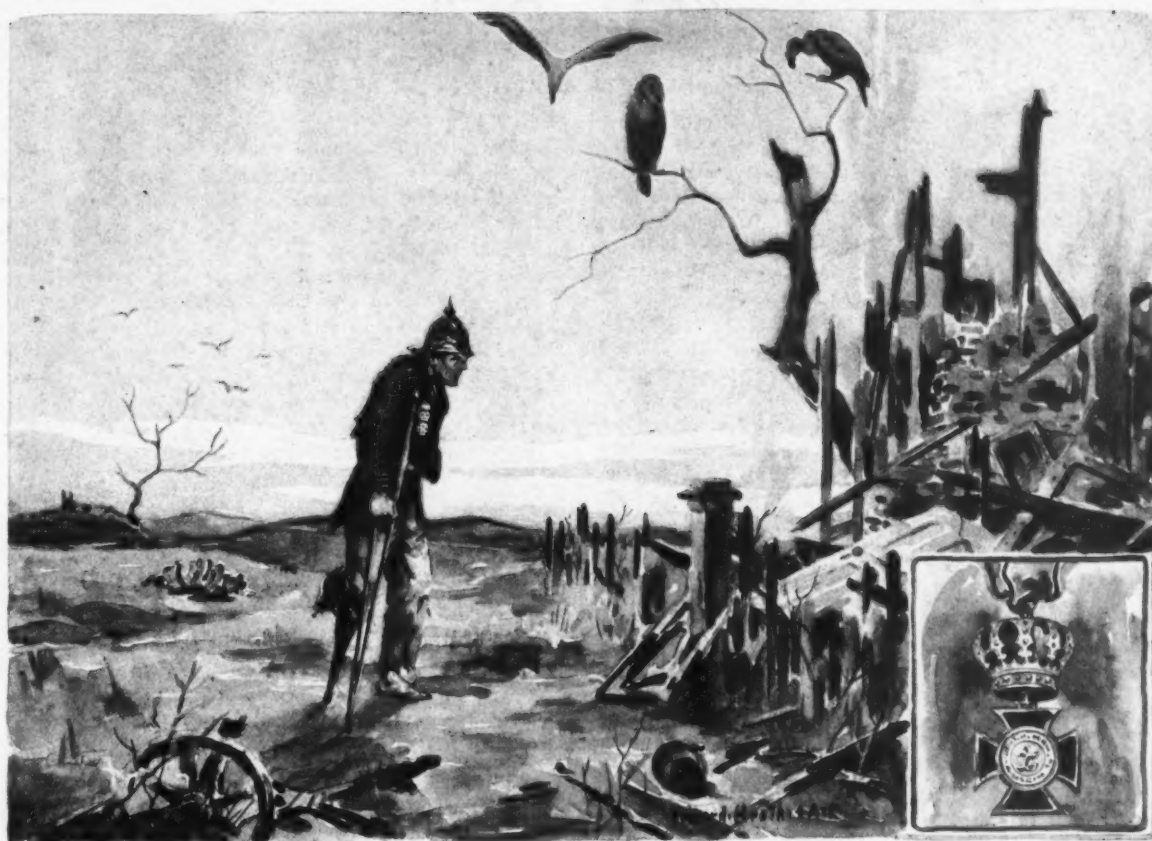
Sunday, November 22, *Æolian Hall* (Afternoon).—Song recital by Bernice de Pasquale.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—John McCormack, the world's greatest box-office tenor.

Belasco Theatre.—First concert of the Barrère Ensemble, an unusual combination of instruments, unusually well played.



HOW TO GET A LADY PAST A CANDY STORE



WHAT HE LOST AND WHAT HE WON

Organized Womanhood

THERE is no fault to find with womanhood; it is organized womanhood that causes all the trouble. By herself and in her individual capacity woman is all right. She is quite as upright, useful and sensible as man, and perhaps more unyielding to the blandishments of oratory and the lure of idealistic fads. But when they organize—when some siren roams the highways and byways gathering together all the bored and idle ladies and tells them that “now is the time” to do something for the emancipation of the sex, to throw off the shackles that cruel man has forged and to assert their womanhood; and when they begin to acquire “madam chairman”, to pass resolutions, to join in chimerical movements, and to argue themselves into demanding useless acquisitions—then it is time to put up the danger signal. Above all, let them not talk about “organized womanhood”, for it is quite as objectionable a phrase as “organized manhood”.

The Passing of Heretics

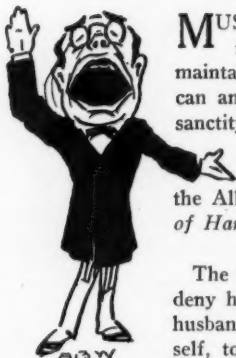
PERHAPS one of our chief difficulties lies in the total failure of the heretic crop. It has been so long since anybody heard of a heretic that none but the most highly educated would trust himself to tell what it means, while not more than one person in a million, perhaps none at all of the younger generation, ever saw one.

Isn't this rather to be deplored? Isn't it rather sad to think that, as a race or a nation, we do not believe in anything with sufficient ardor and violence to make us willing to hurl this awful combination of letters at any dissenter therefrom and then chase him around the block with tar and feathers and boiling oil and other humorous contrivances? It is hardly any use to call a man a heretic nowadays, for the chances are that he won't know enough about it to make him feel bad.

WHEN a married woman goes forth to look after her rights, her husband stays at home and nurses his wrongs.

"They Say"

(Recent Opinions, Epigrammatic or Otherwise, by Some of Our Wisest Men)



MUST not American sympathy be with the two most intelligent nations of Europe who are maintaining the inviolability of treaties? How can any business man maintain that there is no sanctity in a contract, even between nations? I believe you all feel that the sympathy of Americans must go out steadily to the Allies.—*President-Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University.*

The typical modern American woman tends to deny her responsibility as a wife toward society, husband or child. She owes only a duty to herself, to live for her own good, her guide being her own judgment.—*From an address by Brooks Adams on the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the First Church, Quincy.*

Just because a treaty is sometimes broken, is that any reason why we should not make them? It is true that treaties are not an absolute guarantee against war, but they are the best means of avoiding war we have.—*Professor William H. Taft.*

I am a former militiaman and I am a Spanish War veteran. For a dozen years I have sat here like a coward in silence and listened while men have told us how the United States can safely depend on the State militia and the naval reserve. All the time I knew that it was not true.—*Representative A. P. Gardner of Massachusetts.*

The problem we Americans face in passing judgment upon this war is the definition of the word "power". We must decide whether it means "right" as Christians have preached for two thousand years, or whether it means merely "might".—*President John Grier Hibben of Princeton.*

The Germans, in my opinion, intend to fly their Zeppelins over London next month and destroy innocent women and children if the United States, through President Wilson, does not intervene for the sake of humanity.—*F. Hopkinson Smith, American author and artist.*

I think this war will set a new record for low mortality among the wounded. Formerly, with the best first aid and hospital work, a mortality record of five or six per cent. of those who reached the base hospitals was considered creditable. Up to date there has been but one fatality out of more than seven hundred wounded who have reached the base hospital at Oxford.—*Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford.*

We make too many laws. Our National and State Legislatures passed sixty-two thousand and fourteen stat-

utes during the five years from 1909 to 1913, inclusive. During the same five years sixty-five thousand, three hundred and seventy-nine decisions of the National and State courts of last resort were reported in six hundred and thirty volumes. Of these statutes two thousand and thirteen were passed by the National Congress, and of these decisions one thousand and sixty-one were rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Many of these statutes are drawn inartistically, carelessly, ignorantly. Their terms are so vague, uncertain, doubtful, that they breed litigation inevitably.—*Senator Elihu Root of New York.*

The President of the United States is not a Democratic asset merely, nor even an American asset, but an asset of the civilized world.—*Richard Olney.*

We are morally and intellectually superior beyond all comparison, as are our organizations and our institutions.

Wilhelm II., *Deliciae Generis Humani* (the Delight of the Human Race), had in his possession a power with which he was in position to smash everything, yet he has always protected peace, justice and honor. The greater his successes the more devout and humble he has become.

Our army is the epitome of German excellence.—*Dr. Adolph Lasson, German Privy Councillor and Professor of Philosophy in Berlin University.*

We are fighting for our land, our homes, our wives and our children, but the admirable Belgians are struggling for their honor and for the respect of their plighted word. What an example for the world in front of a savage Germany and an emperor intoxicated with pride!—*Armand Fallières, ex-President of France.*

Our present civilization is only a thin veneer.—*Thomas A. Edison.*

But I refuse to admit that colleges are incorrigible. I refuse to admit that they are beyond salvation. I would begin the reform by declining gifts from men of great wealth. If new buildings are needed I would call on the alumni for contributions, limiting the amount to be subscribed by a single donor. I would increase the income by increasing the tuition fee. AN EDUCATION ACHIEVED AT SOME SACRIFICE IS MORE VALUABLE THAN ONE ACQUIRED THROUGH CHARITY.—*Henry F. Hollis, United States Senator from New Hampshire.*

While I do not look for any actual assistance from the United States in behalf of the Allies, I do feel that this country must come out unequivocally and express its true position within the next two months.—*Leo Wiener, Professor of Slavonic Languages at Harvard.*



HER HONOR, "YOUR HAT IS OUT OF STYLE -
I FINE YOU \$50 FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT."



PILOTESS, "SHE CAN BLOW THAT WHISTLE TILL
DOOMSDAY BEFORE I'LL ALTER MY COURSE -
THE IDEA - HER FAMILY WERE
HERE NOBODIES."



POLICEWOMAN, "DEAR ME! MY HAIR IS
COMING DOWN."



GENERALINE, "MAJOR, PLEASE TELL
COL. JANE TO DEPLOY INTO LINE -
I'D TELL HER MYSELF ONLY WE AREN'T
SPEAKING."



CHIEFETTE, "WE CAN'T GO INTO THAT BUILDING,
IT'S FULL OF RATS."



POSTWOMAN, "I'D LOVE TO KNOW WHOM
SHE IS CORRESPONDING WITH."

WHEN THE DEAR THINGS GET THEIR RIGHTS

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

Togo Rebukes "Life"

To Editor "Life Laughpaper" which is sometimes considerable,

DEAR SIR:—

My wife, Miss Sadie Obi, (who expects to be divorced from her frequent husband, Mr. T. Oki) have eloped with Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, who ought to be shamed because he has twins at home and is therefore a bigamist. I have so much mental inflammation from that act that I cannot write you flattery, as usual, but must tell you how much I do not like your paper.

Some weeks I would pay ten cents (10c) not to read "Life" and be permitted to rest my intellectuality from listening to your sneers about all high-up breeds of human nobleness. If Congress should give me 1,000,000\$ for start funny paper I could print something which would laugh at every semicolon. I make giggle to think how ridiculous I could make that printing and yet be serious about telling truth.

Yet you are only humoristical when resembling Ananias. Nearly everything what got good in it you stroke down. Similarly you boast up everything what should be decomposed.

I tell you what I admire less about your print:

- 1—Your editorials.
- 2—Your jokes.
- 3—Your pictures.
- 4—Your opinions.

If you will permit me that discourtesy I shall now begin to deride you. Firstly I shall commence with Your Opinions.

Could you not be less brutal when talking about Ladies, Doctors and other varieties of Vivisections? If you are friend of dum beasts, why should you continuously saw doctors to pieces without ether? And how you treat Ladies! Nobody in your paper know how to remove his hat properly, except Hon. Chas. D. Gibson. You cannot permit ladies to be merely. Firstly you



"Could you not be less brutal?
etc——"

make sceptic talk about them because they are feminine, then you rebuke them because they are feminists. You snarrel because they dress in parasite clothes, price 1,000\$, yet when they grow suffragistic and wear cheap overalls you are still more shock. How can you be domesticated if you are never satisfied? If Ladies should become angels—which they can be when sufficiently irritated—you would hire E. Smartin to write another safe-and-sanitary editorial to warn America that high-fly ladies was another peril invented by Progressive Party.

I am also inflamed because you have no reverence for disease. Each weekly I hear you make following cross-eyed thought:

- 1—All Christian Scientists are considerable grafts.
- 2—All Medical Scientists are considerable grafts.

How could I read you and feel comfortable when I get a pain in my interne? I ask to know. Sipposedly my appendicitis become suddenly enraged. What should I do? Nothing! You will get cross and cruel if I call

in any Scientist (either X or X Ray). You will not allow anybody to lay hands on me either with prayers or with knives. You say Heelers cannot hellup me by refusing to mention my disease and Doctors cannot ade me by giving it a noble name resembling Pullman car. What then? You permit me to die like a worm, without expense and without enjoyment. What you snuggest me do, if you so smart? When I am layed amidst bedding saluting death from panemosis of the canal, maybe I can telegraph your editorial writer and find out what next? Maybe I can cure myself by reading book reviews by Hon. Jab Kerfoot. Ah no! That would be species of New Thought which you are disgusted to admire.

You love dum animals and refuse to see their rev. insides approached with scissors. You report that doctors should not practice cut-up on live bait. You snuggest that surgeans can learn how mend broken livers by practicing on statues, vegetables and sirloin stakes. Maybe they can, but could they?

I hope you will feel deliciously rebuked from this repartee.

Nextly I shall approach your politics. Hon. Hellish O. Jones continuously make columns of smoke in your paper to tell how I. W. W. can beautify 5th Ave by blowing it up. On next page Hon. E. Smartin write Senator Penrose language to explan how Hon. T. Roosevelt are greater traitor than Hon. B. Arnold, because Hon. Roosevelt uplified his country while Hon. Arnold merely threw it down. I am confused. Why should you curse Hon. Roosevelt for inventing renitiative & efferendum while you kiss Hon. Wilson for using that same medicine with all his meals. You are similar to ladies. You seldom kiss those who deserve it.

Hon. J. B. Sago, Japanese anarchist, wish to join me in another insult at you. Why should your critics be so critical? Who are "T. L. M.", that



"Hon. Meatcalf pronounce great purity for plays"

mysterious writer you employ to chide And. Carnegie with one foot while admiring Peace with the other? Then observe how your twin critics misbehave on their page! Hon. Jas. Meatcalf, passionless critic of plays, are so deliciously dissimilar from Hon. Jab Kerfoot, passionate critic of books. Hon. Jab declaim that stuff should be heated in literature and that all should admire Hon. H. G. Wells because he are a matrimonial Watchful Waiter, like Douglas Douglas, tender untrue.

Yet Hon. Meatcalf remain very gentlemanly when speaking of Jewish and pronounce great purity for plays while he faint in his pew each night to behold French-speaking family plays entitled "Slightly Soiled". Cannot you teach those 2 critics to act more teamwork? How could you be so Pankhurst on one page and so Parkhurst on another?

Why should you be so Russian and blame all Jews with their yiddishness? They merely come to America to study

philanthropy from Hon. Rockefeller. O surely you could not hate them merely because they inherited Noses and Moses. They emigrate to here in imitation of Swedish, Germans & Irish, in seek for life, liberty and pursuit of graftiness. America are land of free and nobody feel more free than Jewish in our midst.

Hon. Meatcalf must not feel too sensitive because N. Y. Jewish reject him from theatres. Surely this religion should be permitted to worship without interruptions from outside.

This are merely a short extraction from my list of insults for you Some time when my other wife runs away I shall tell you how your artists do not know how to draw old maids; also how hen-bit husbands does not always wear side-whiskers; also how wicked youngly sport-gentlemen never has pictures on their wall showing actresses in hallot-skirts. Skirts has went out of fashion in wicked circles.

Otherwise I admire your strogling journalism which are like a zebra, quite mulish but bright in streaks.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

(Per Wallace Irwin.)

The High Cost of Fighting

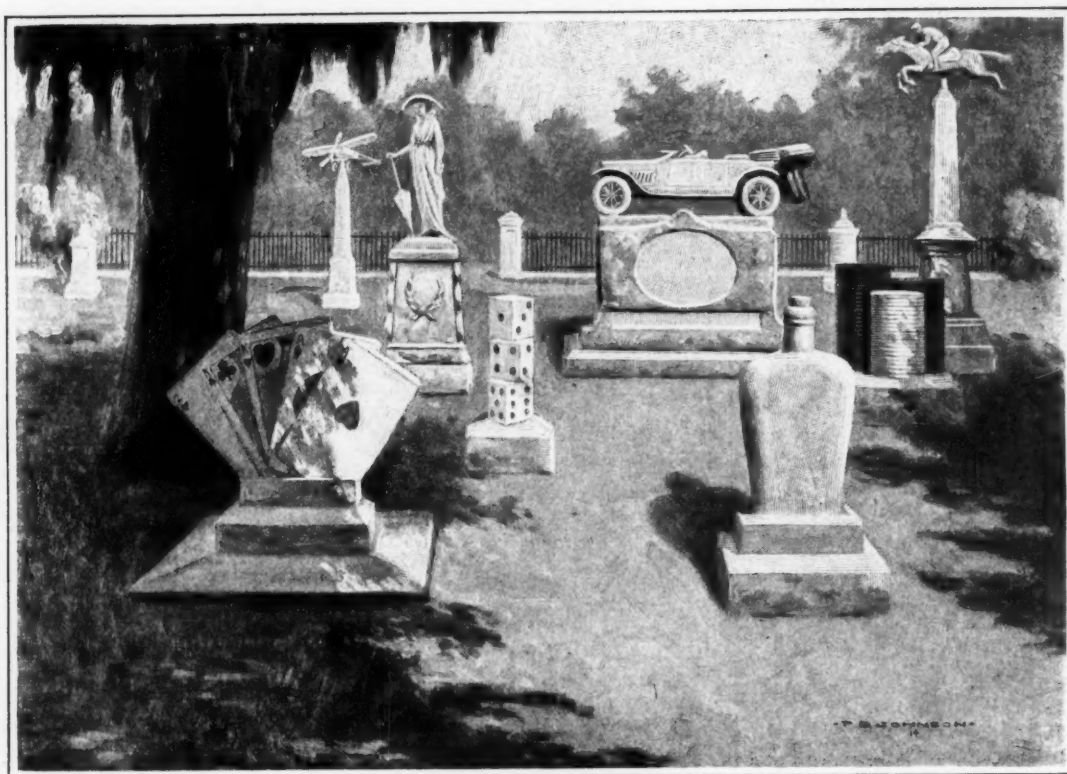
FOUR super-dreadnoughts,
Sailing o'er the sea,
Along came a submarine—
Then there were three.

Three super-dreadnoughts,
Spick and span and new,
One shot from a torpedo—
Then there were two.

Two super-dreadnoughts,
Cost ten million bones,
Struck against a floating mine—
Gone to Davy Jones.

Fifty million dollars sunk
In the deep, deep sea,
While the little submarine
Puffs on in her glee.

R. B. D.



EPITAPHS

The German Ideal

PROFESSOR KUNO FRANCKE of Harvard is one of the more successful German apologists because he is intelligent and not overbearing. He comes, not from Prussia, like Dr. Münsterberg, but from Schleswig-Holstein, and has apparently inherited amenities with his Danish derivation. In a recent speech in Boston he explains that while there is still work for freedom to do in Germany, "it cannot be said that freedom during the last generation has been the great national need of Germany, or that it is any longer the ideal that inspires Germany's best men". It has not, he says, been replaced by militarism, nor is world-dominion the ideal of responsible Germans. Their ideal is of national self-improvement and national efficiency. "To the German the State is a spiritual, collective personality leading a life of its own beyond the

lives of individuals, and its aim is not the protection of the happiness of individuals, but the making of a nobler type of man and the achievement of high excellence in all the departments of life." This is the Kaiser's ideal, too, and his glorification of his office "makes him the incarnation of the active and disciplined Germany".

We are all trying hard just now to understand the Germans, and these words of Dr. Francke are adapted to help us. Just now this German ideal has to be taken in association with about five million highly competent soldiers, all practicing to spread it, and a large supply of exceptionally efficient Krupp guns exploding to the same end. The association is a little trying to the ideal. Is that a mere misfortune, or do the army and the ideal belong together? Is this German ideal necessarily tied up to militarism be-

cause it is necessarily hostile to the ideal of individual freedom that belongs to such nations as France, England, Belgium and the United States?

Nobody outside of Germany would object, it would seem, to Dr. Francke's German ideal unless there is something in it that threatens the security of other nations.

Is there something?

Our ideal of individual freedom is vague, vulnerable, impracticable often, outrageous sometimes. A lot of bad government usually gets in with it.

This German ideal is smooth, efficient, steady, powerful—until it blows up.

Must it blow up? Does it carry in it the certain germs of destruction?

There is so much about it that is strange, almost incredible, to us. It is so old-time-Jewish in some things.

(Continued on page 921.)



The Climax of Six-Cylinder Efficiency

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Six-cylinder Model 82

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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

For Her Use

Mrs. Morelock's birthday was nearly due, and one morning shortly before that event George, her young son, said:

"Mother, will you give me a dollar? I want to get you a birthday present."

"That is very thoughtful of you, dear," replied the mother, very much pleased, "but what is it that you need a dollar to buy?"

"Well, you see, mother," explained the little boy, "one dollar is the price of it. It's the dandiest catcher's mask you ever saw."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Strategy Illustrated

FIRST URCHIN: Say, Chimmie, wot's dis strategy t'ing dey talk about?

SECOND URCHIN: Well, it's like dis: Supposin' yer run out of ammunition, an' yer don't want de enemy ter know it, den it's strategy ter keep on firin'.

—*Boston Transcript*.



"THE WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS"

From Pure Joy of Living

Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, the author, having lived all her life in the South, has a fund of humorous stories about the negroes. The following one is her favorite:

One day she walked down a street in Nashville with a guest from the North. The street was crowded with negroes, who were forming in line for a parade. Miss Daviess's guest was curious to know what it was about; and seeing a boy whom she knew, Miss Daviess called him to her.

"What's the occasion for the parade, Tom?" she asked.

The boy looked at her with a grin. "La, Miss Daviess," he replied, "don' you-all know colored folks well enough to know dat dey don' need no reason foh a p'rade?"—*Youth's Companion*.

Agle Parent

"Papa, what is an escutcheon?"

"Why?"

"This story says there was a blot on his escutcheon."

"Oh, yes! An escutcheon is a light-colored vest. He had probably been carrying a fountain pen."

—*Houston Post*.

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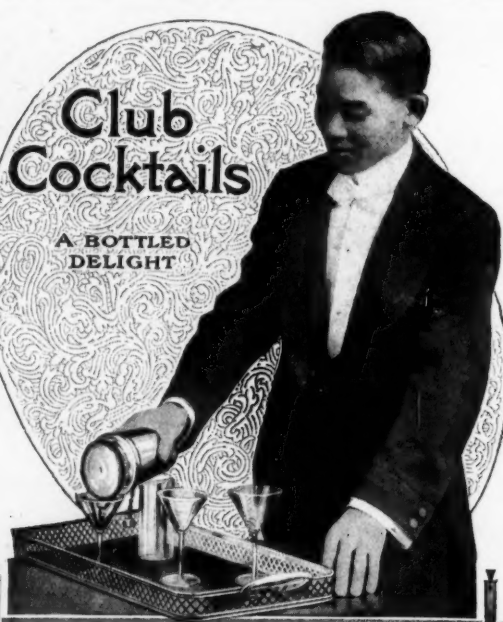
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"WHY, TOMMY, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING YOUR PRAYERS FOR AT THIS TIME OF DAY?"

"COS I'M GOIN' TO MAKE BILLY SMITH TAKE BACK SOMETHIN' HE SAID ABOUT ME, AN' I'LL NEED ALL THE HELP I CAN GET."

CHIC

P
Cunard

Muzzle 'Em

(Dedicated to Dr. Goldwater, Commissioner of Health.)

Muzzle 'em up—yep—muzzle 'em up,
Muzzle the horse and the cat and the pup,

Muzzle the roach and the angleworm, do;
Muzzle the bee and the butterfly, too.

Muzzle the microbe and muzzle the flea,
Muzzle the hornet and muzzle the bee.

Humans, we're taking a dangerous chance

Walking around where the unmuzzled ants,

Katyids, beetles and ladybugs live;
Muzzle 'em up, put their snouts in a sieve,

Muzzle the beasts and the birds in the Zoo,

Bottle 'em up in steel netting, please do.
Dog days are over, but never mind that,

Don't take a chance with the pig or the rat.

Muzzle the cows and the sheep on the farm,

Hasten, officials, before they do harm.
Safety first makes the poor quadruped

Travel around with a cage on his head.
Muzzle the rooster and muzzle the hen,

Fix 'em up right, for you cannot tell when

Fowls will go nutty and then they would peck

Names and initials deep into your neck.
Muzzle the fish and the eels and the crabs,

Anything living that bites, claws or nabs.
Summer is ending and winter draws near,

Keep on a-muzzling, we've still lots to fear.

Human, a muzzle attach to your face;
Safety first for our glorious race.

RAY L. HOPPMAN.

From *The Bide-a-Wee Home Association, Inc.*, for *Friendless Animals*.



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"Colonial" Mean?

THE name is misleading. The quality called "Colonial" has nothing to do with time or periods of history, for it is old as art itself. It should be named to denote purity, restraint—for it is created only where artists strive to reduce beauty to the simplest terms.

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For these reasons, the perfect Colonial Silverware never grows wearisome, but is always restful and harmonious.

By these standards, judge the typical Reed & Barton "Waverly" pattern here shown. You can find our wares at any leading jewelers and can distinguish them by the little Eagle and Lion trade mark.

Send for our book, "Chats About Silver"
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Necessity

We admit having injured Belgium's neutrality, but we have only done it because of dire necessity, because we could not otherwise reach France.—Herbert Eulenberg, the German playwright, in a reply to George Bernard Shaw.

A MAN gets into a fight with his neighbor. In order to get at him the man has to go across another neighbor's premises. He breaks into

this neighbor's house, burns it down, shoots the man's sons and daughters because they object, and then appropriates all that is left for his own use. Then he excuses himself by saying that it is necessary for his own purposes.

"I must live," said a beggar to Dr. Johnson.

"Why the necessity?" replied Dr. Johnson.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Limerick

A gentleman of Albuquerque
Raised a very fine Thanksgiving terque;
When they said "Does it trot?"
He said, "Certainly not;
But its walk is a little bit jerque."
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Outclassed

"My dear," said the proud father, "I cannot understand your objection to young Prudely as a suitor for your hand. I am sure that he is a model young man."

"There is no question about his being a model," replied the bewitching beauty; "but, father, dear, the trouble is that he is a 1912 model."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

"That little chicken is a glutton."
"Yes; it takes a peck at a time."
—*Columbia Jester.*

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A WAY OF GETTING THE BETTER
OF ONE'S FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

EXPLAINED IN

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has good intentions if
given half a chance.

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I GIVE every cigarette the chance of its young life—provide it with a separate compartment where it can remain clean, upright and self-respecting till it gets the "ready signal" from you.

No crushing, squeezing or handling among my charges, but every cigarette is a "smoke" when carried by me. Really, you can't know how you've missed me until you've tried me. For yourself or any special friend, or from "her to him"—at high-class jewelers' and other shops. And look for my mark when you buy.

War News

In a hospital at Cape Town during the South African War, the keenness of certain amateur members of the nursing staff tended to aggravate, rather than alleviate, the sufferings of some of the wounded.

At last the British soldier's native wit came to the rescue. One morning a sick soldier's bed-clothes displayed a slip of paper inscribed:

"Too ill to be nursed to-day!"

—*Tit-Bits.*

There's
something
about them
you'll like.

Twenty for a Quarter

Herbert Tareyton
London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
1/4 Pound 50¢ Sample upon request. Herbert-
Tareyton 58 West 45th Street New York.

Try It Yourself

In Missouri, where they raise more mules and children than in any other place in the world, a certain resident died possessed of seventeen mules and three sons. In his will he disposed of the mules as follows: One-half to the eldest son, one-third to the next, and one-ninth to the youngest.

The administrator who went to divide the property drove a span of mules out to the farm, but when he went to divide the seventeen into halves, thirds and ninths he found it was impossible with live mules; mules not being very valuable, he unhitched one of his own, putting it with the other seventeen, making eighteen, when he proceeded to divide as follows: One-half, or nine, to the eldest, one third, or six, to the next, and one-ninth, or two, to the youngest. Adding up nine, six, two, he found that it made seventeen, so he hitched up his mule and went home rejoicing.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



THE ADVENTURES OF A SENTIMENTALIST
HE PAYS A VISIT TO HIS FIRST LOVE



Friend: WHY, THAT'S A RECORD OF
YOUR WIFE TALKING!
Jones: YES. I'M LEARNING TO TALK
BACK TO HER.

Rhymed Reviews

The Street of Seven Stars

(By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Houghton Mifflin Co.)

MISS HARMONY and violin
Were all alone in gay Vienna.
(They say the crust is pretty thin
Between that town and deep Gehenna.)

When money matters took a turn
That made her longer stay imprudent,
She found a friend in Peter Byrne,
A big and gentle doctor-student.

And he and she and Dr. Gates,—
A lady, middle-aged and stable,—
Agreed in good United States
To share a common roof and table.

They also housed a Dying Child
That had a vagrant actress mother;
And thus, while fickle Fortune smiled,
They dwelt in peace with one another.

This is the Life!



o Surf Bathing, Sailing, Fishing,
Tennis, Golf, Court Golf, Polo,
Pony Racing, Dancing, Cycling,
Driving, English Rugby

All Winter Long!

in

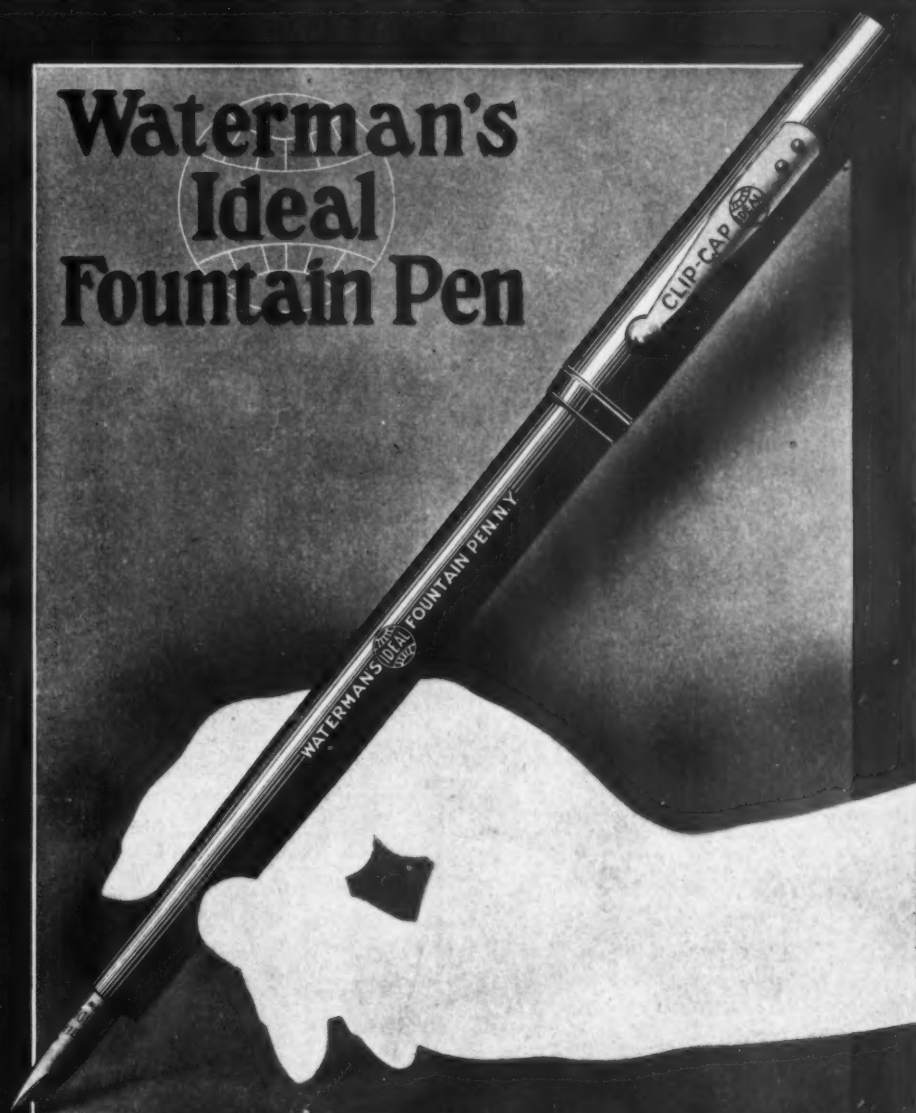
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Kingsway, London

17 Stockton St., San Francisco

6 Rue d'Hanovre Paris

But mischief-making tongues were
deft

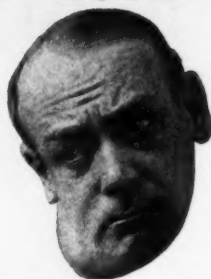
In working up a horrid scandal;
And Dr. Gates abruptly left
For home, which gave the lie a
handle.

Then Harmony ran off and hid
Because those spiteful tongues mal-
igned her,
And Peter moped and pined, he did,
For though he searched he couldn't
find her,

Till Harmony returned to nurse
The Dying Child and smooth its
bedding.—
And must I waste another verse
To tell you all about the wedding?

This Idyll reeks with Atmosphere
(The cabbage—you can almost smell
it!),
Which must be why a Stein of beer
Requires a great big "S" to spell
it.

Arthur Guterman.



Ouch!

Oh, the agony!—a toothache takes all the humor out of Life.

The cause of aching teeth is decay; and decay is the result of improper care.

Sozodont
FOR THE TEETH

is a checkmate of decay. SOZODONT is a liquid—because only a liquid can get in between the teeth, into the crevices of the teeth and around the neck of the teeth. SOZODONT when applied with a tooth brush goes everywhere, and SOZODONT is so prepared that it removes all foreign substances—at the same time antiseptically and thoroughly cleaning each tooth.

There is no chance for decay when SOZODONT is constantly used.

SOZODONT, however, is not a tooth polish—nor does it whiten teeth—but for both these purposes either SOZODONT Tooth Paste or SOZODONT Tooth Powder should be used.

Let us send you a booklet written by a prominent dentist on the value of a clean mouth and clean teeth. Just mail your name and address—there's no charge.

HALL & RUCKEL, New York
Makers of SOZODONT since 1846

Bleeding—By Divine Right

The Kaiser says, "My heart it bleeds For poor Louvain's distressful needs." So with a fine, to his great gain, He then proceeds to bleed Louvain.
—Truth (London).



"NOW DAT MAMIE HAS GIVEN ME DE SHAKE I GOT NOTHIN' TO LIVE FER. I'VE A MIND TO DRINK MESELF TO DEATH"

Smoke

SMOKE is what is left over from coal and wood after they have become thoroughly exhausted. Smoke is used to cover furniture, newly painted houses and white-flannel suits.

Most of the smoke comes from Pittsburgh. It has many and varied activities. It prevents people from being rescued at fires by getting in the eyes of firemen. It also covers battleships and is valuable in mines in keeping down the excessive population.

Smoke, like other things that are made from wood and paper, often comes in volumes and disappears without leaving a trace, after having been viewed by the interested spectators. Smoke is often seen on the horizon, where it locates groups of travelers who are journeying back and forth, playing bridge, poker and indulging in other similar religious exercises.

Smoke comes from fire. As a rule, the less fire the more smoke.

Learn How to Read these Faces



If you are a good judge of character —I can make you a better one

IN spite of your ability to judge men you have made many a mistake during the past year. These mistakes were costly, maybe. You could have avoided them. You will avoid them in the future if you learn from me the accurate.

Science of Character Analysis

Taught by Mail by Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford

I HAVE saved large firms thousands of dollars in selecting men. I have trained assistants who are now earning large salaries as employment experts with great corporations. For years letters by the thousands have come in demanding instruction.

At last the Review of Reviews Company suggested that I put the science in such form that you could study it by mail.

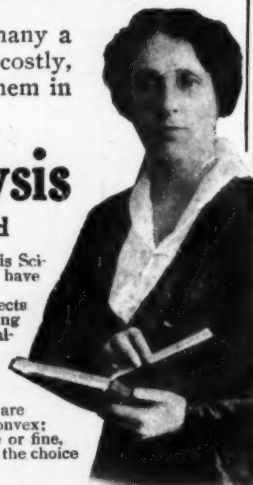
Send the coupon promptly and you will be in time to be enrolled.

I have spent years in studying and analyzing character. I have been a practicing physician. From sciences of psychology, physiology, biology, anthropology and anatomy, I have

evolved a new Science. I have put this Science through a most rigid test. I have analyzed over 100,000 people.

I have "sized up" thousands of prospects for jobs, and I tell you that the judging of people is not a gift, or a special talent of my own; it is a science based on facts that you can learn and that you can apply with just as much success as I can.

I will teach you why your eyes are blue or brown; why your face is convex; why the texture of your hair is coarse or fine, and how all these things affect you in the choice of your business.



What You Learn from the Course

How to judge all people.
How to understand yourself, and decide what you are best fitted to do.

How to sell goods by understanding your customer.

How to judge the aptitudes and abilities in your children.

How to have social ease.
How to read the secrets that men reveal in eyes and hand.

I can teach you to judge your client, your jury, your congregation, your assistant, your employer, your employee, your guests, the man you meet casually at a dinner table, and the man, who, as your partner, may make a success or a failure of your business ventures.

Only a limited number of students can be taken. Send coupon for whole story FREE before the rolls are filled up.

Katherine M. H. Blackford

Review of Reviews Company 30 Irving Place, New York

KATHERINE M. H. BLACKFORD
Review of Reviews Company

30 Irving Place New York

Please send me full information regarding your Science of Character Analysis. I wish to have the complete course. The specific use for which I wish it is the following.

(Put an X against the line of greatest interest to you.)

- | |
|---------------------------------|
| To employ help. |
| To select my own vocation. |
| To decide my children's future. |
| To help me socially. |
| To sell goods. |

Name _____

Address _____



KEEPING UP WITH THE FASHION
HOW THE TROUBLE BEGAN

He Had Learned One Thing

THERE was once a man who developed a system of resenting criticism. In order to do this it was necessary for him to become a philosopher. The reason why he had to become a philosopher was because, in order to resent criticism effectively, he had to analyze it, to divide it into classes, in order that he might parry it, and discover also the best way to resent it. When, at the end of ten years, he had arrived at the conclusion that there were only two classes of criticism—namely, the direct and indirect—he discovered that in each instance the best method of resenting them was silence.

In this method he became an expert.



DIARY February 17, 1917.
"Mine Host always knows what to bring when Tom and I sit at his table. He puts on his best 'Mine Host' smile—and brings in good

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years."

As pure, mellow and fragrant to-day as in the days of Pres. Madison when OLD OVERHOLT first became the choice of men who know.

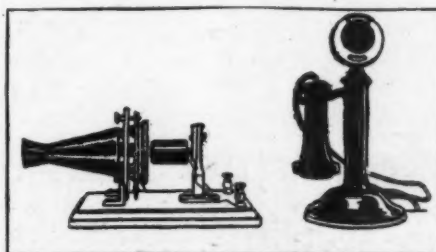
Aged in charred oak barrels and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



How the Public Profits By Telephone Improvements

Here is a big fact in the telephone progress of this country:



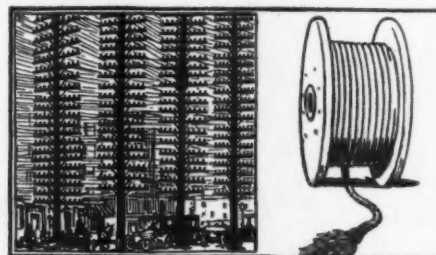
Original
Bell Telephone
1876

Standard
Bell Telephone
To-day



Early
Telephone
Exchange

Typical
Present-day
Exchange



If City Wires
Were Carried
Overhead

800 Wires
in Underground
Cable

Hand in hand with inventions and developments which have improved the service many fold have come operating economies that have greatly cut its cost.

To appreciate these betterments and their resulting economies, consider a few examples:

Your present telephone instrument had seventy-two ancestors; it is better and cheaper than any of them.

Time was when a switchboard required a room full of boys to handle the calls of a few hundred subscribers. Today, two or three girls will serve a greater number without confusion and very much more promptly.

A three-inch underground cable now carries as many as eight hundred wires. If strung in the old way, these would require four sets of poles, each with twenty cross arms—a congestion utterly prohibitive in city streets.

These are some of the familiar improvements. They have saved tens of millions of dollars. But those which have had the most radical effect, resulting in the largest economies and putting the telephone within everyone's reach, are too technical to describe here. And their value can no more be estimated than can the value of the invention of the automobile.

This progress in economy, as well as in service, has given the United States the Bell System with about ten times as many telephones, proportionate to the population, as in all Europe.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Thus he ventured on all sorts of opinions, and when he was criticized he immediately became silent.

One day a man said to him:

"Your system, of course, is all very well, but you never can improve because you don't care what people say about you. This makes it impossible for you to learn anything. Honest, now, what have you learned in the last ten years?"

"I have learned to be silent," said the man.

Again the Tempter

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said:

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'cart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."—*Tit-Bits*.

"But I haven't enough work to keep an able-bodied man like you busy."

"Oh, I sh'an't mind that."

—Houston Post.

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Car of the American Family



Hupmobile Touring Car with Sedan Top, complete, \$1365
L. o. b. Detroit, \$1600 L. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

\$1365



29% More Hups Driven Through the Winter Months

The beautiful new Hupmobile sedan top adds the finishing touch to the superiority of the Hup for cold weather use.

We have always known that a majority of Hup owners kept their cars in commission all the year round.

But until we gathered the facts and figures from 150 leading points, we did not know that the winter use of Hups exceeded the use of other cars by 29 per cent.

And now the new sedan top renders the Hup-

mobile more than ever the winter car of the American family.

The new Hupmobile with the sedan top costs you, complete, \$1365—the roadster, \$1325. It absolutely lacks noise and rattle. The doors are of standard limousine dimensions. Windows are the highest grade coach glass. The tops, built in our own shops, conform so perfectly with the beautiful 1915 lines that the effect is that of the costliest limousine. And when winter is over, the top is easily removed and the regular summer equipment quickly attached.

Suburbanites, physicians and other professional and business men, and women who have felt the need of an easy-driving, economical closed car, will find their every expectation realized in this new Hupmobile feature.

Write for booklet describing the Hup Sedan Top

Five-passenger Touring Car or Roadster, \$1200
L. o. b. Detroit. In Canada, \$1400 L. o. b. Windsor

Hupp Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.



\$1325
Hupmobile Roadster with Coupe Top, complete, \$1325 L. o. b. Detroit, \$1550 L. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

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as viewed by *Life*

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will be the great yearly feature of

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Magazine, beginning with the November number

IT is a story which will appeal to young and old—the kind that only Mrs. Burnett can write—the story of a young prince, heir to a throne, whose family had been outcasts for five hundred years from a country like the fabled Zenda. You will love the young hero from the first chapter, and you will follow him with delight in his wanderings over Europe as they are unfolded in the coming numbers of *St. Nicholas*.

Special Christmas Gift Offer

New subscribers may have the year 1915 complete for \$3.00, with October, November and December, 1914, free. Christmas card to arrive Christmas morning on request.

THE CENTURY CO.

Union Square, New York



"HANDS UP, OR I'LL BLOW YER BRAINS OUT!"

The German Ideal

(Continued from page 912.)

The Kaiser seems to be to the Germans what Moses was to the Israelites—a go-between between them and God; a leader, a master. All peoples, it seems, must start that way, gathering around a master whose will protects and directs them, but it is hard to think of the Germans as beginners. But as a great modern power they *are* beginners, and this system that they have endured has brought them along, in material things at least, very wonderfully.

But has it been doing what Dr. Francke says its ideal calls for? Has it been making a nobler type of man? It has certainly achieved high excellence in many of the departments of life. But in all? No. Not in all. It is good in Krupps and chemistry, in manufactures, in trade, in civic government, in the regulation of life for the promotion of average comfort. It is bad in art. It is not notable in the higher forms of literature. And as to the great point of making nobler types of men—has it done it? The Germans are notably efficient, but are they creative, are they inventive, and are they nobler than other men? They have told us that democratic France was decadent; that democratic England was a pretense and an empty shell; that Russia was barbarous. They said nothing about Belgium. There ought to be a Nobel prize for nobility. If

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

Plain End or Cork Tip

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

there were, would it go to Germany? One sees in Germany immense efficiency, courage, aggressiveness, capacity to suffer, but where, so far, has she been noble?

In Belgium? At Louvain? At Rheims?

Her specialty is fighting, but man for man she can't handle the Belgians or the new French, and her superiority to the Russians is dubious, while as for the English, they are but a hand-

ful so far in this war, but it has been a handful for Germany.

No; get them out of their shops and laboratories and the current Germans don't seem to be of an egregious nobility. The Belgians can give them odds in it, and they seem to have nothing on the lately decadent French. They must be learning a wonderful lot about the qualities of other people, and perhaps they are revising their self-esteem.

Arthur Withington, of Newburyport, who writes a letter to the *Springfield Republican*, says:

Efficiency and the acceptance of arbitrary authority by the sacrifice of liberty is admitted as a Socialistic end. In other words, Socialism is in being in Germany to-day. The Kaiser is fighting its fight and German culture is Socialism.

What is there in Dr. Francke's exposition of the German ideal that conflicts with this opinion?

Mr. Withington says further:

When this war is over, Socialism, Prohibition, the Kaiser's mailed fist, Lord Kitchener's military rule, and all other manifestations of the gospel of force and the anti-Christian movement will have less blind followers than during the last quarter of a century. There will be a return to the simple faith of the fathers that government is a necessary evil.

Shouldn't wonder; shouldn't wonder at all. And not the least of the wonders to come will be the adjustment of the German ideal to the change in faith.

E. S. Martin.



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OF THE AGES
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Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Rheims, N.Y.

OLDEST AND LARGEST MAKERS OF CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA

The Forest and the Tree

NOW that families are being constructed conformably to the doctrine that quality has quantity definitely beaten to a frazzle, why cannot something be done about dictionaries and newspapers, to get them away from the notion that merit and immensity go hand in hand?

Dictionaries especially.

Words, of course, are wise men's counters, but how about the three hundred and fifty thousand of these that don't count? A book which defines as many as one hundred thousand words, let alone four or five times that number, is not a dictionary of language, but a dictionary of lumber. If English is an efficient vehicle of thought, it is so in virtue of twenty-five thousand words or fewer. Its brawn lies in these—the rest are so much adipose.

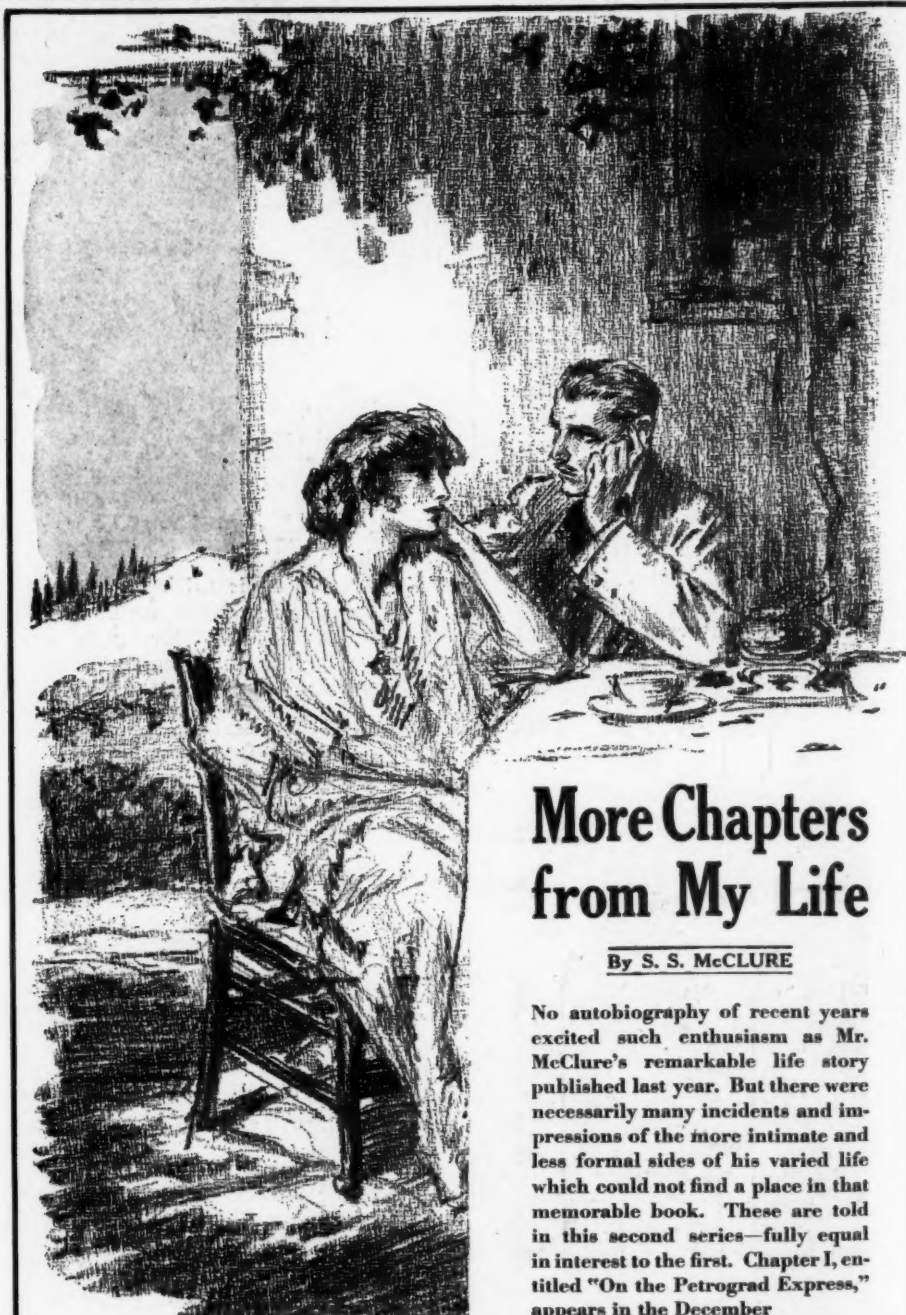
Somebody, some day, is going to defy the authority of Samuel Johnson and Noah Webster, those illustrious princes of verbosity, and get out a real dictionary. Instead of exploring academic etymologies and technical jargons to see how big he can make his book, he will restrict himself to the terms which actually serve the purposes of minds with something to say. His work will be in the best sense complete—the first complete dictionary in the world. And it will make a hit.

R. B.

All Things to All Times

IN addition to those who are all things to all men there is another class, including many of the same people, who are all things to all times. They are always heartily in favor of what exists. In time of peace they are strongly in favor of peace. In time of war they are belligerent and bloodthirsty. They favor trusts in those commodities which are trustified and are opposed to trusts which haven't been formed. They support municipal ownership in cities that have municipal ownership and private ownership of public utilities in cities which follow that policy. They are against the labor unions that are not strong and they oppose the closed shop until it is closed. They are never for the under-dog until it gets on top.

Such people, flocking along the lines of least resistance, are little brothers to the sheep and are regularly sheared by those whose self-confidence allows them to move along lines of somewhat greater resistance.



More Chapters from My Life

By S. S. McCLURE

No autobiography of recent years excited such enthusiasm as Mr. McClure's remarkable life story published last year. But there were necessarily many incidents and impressions of the more intimate and less formal sides of his varied life which could not find a place in that memorable book. These are told in this second series—fully equal in interest to the first. Chapter I, entitled "On the Petrograd Express," appears in the December

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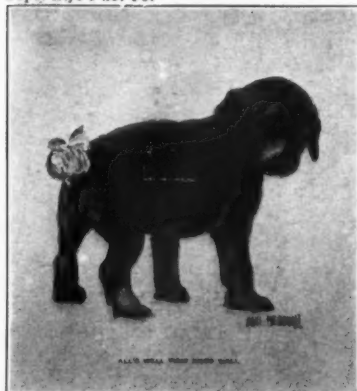


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THE CHAMELEON

[You will have to see this print to appreciate how cleverly the "Chameleon" shows the rival colors of her two admirers: Yale blue on one side and the Princeton colors on the other]

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("And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements, too.")
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(Why sea captains go mad.)
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